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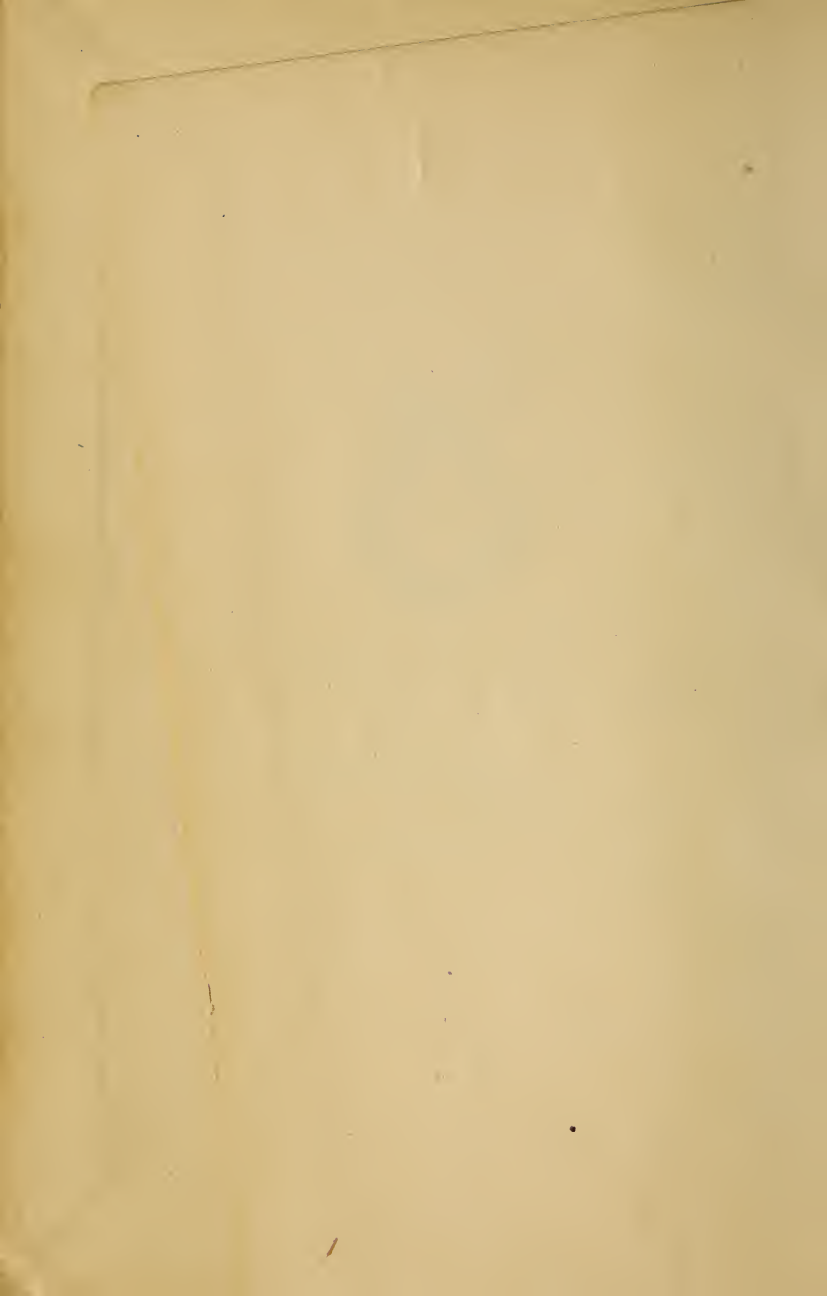


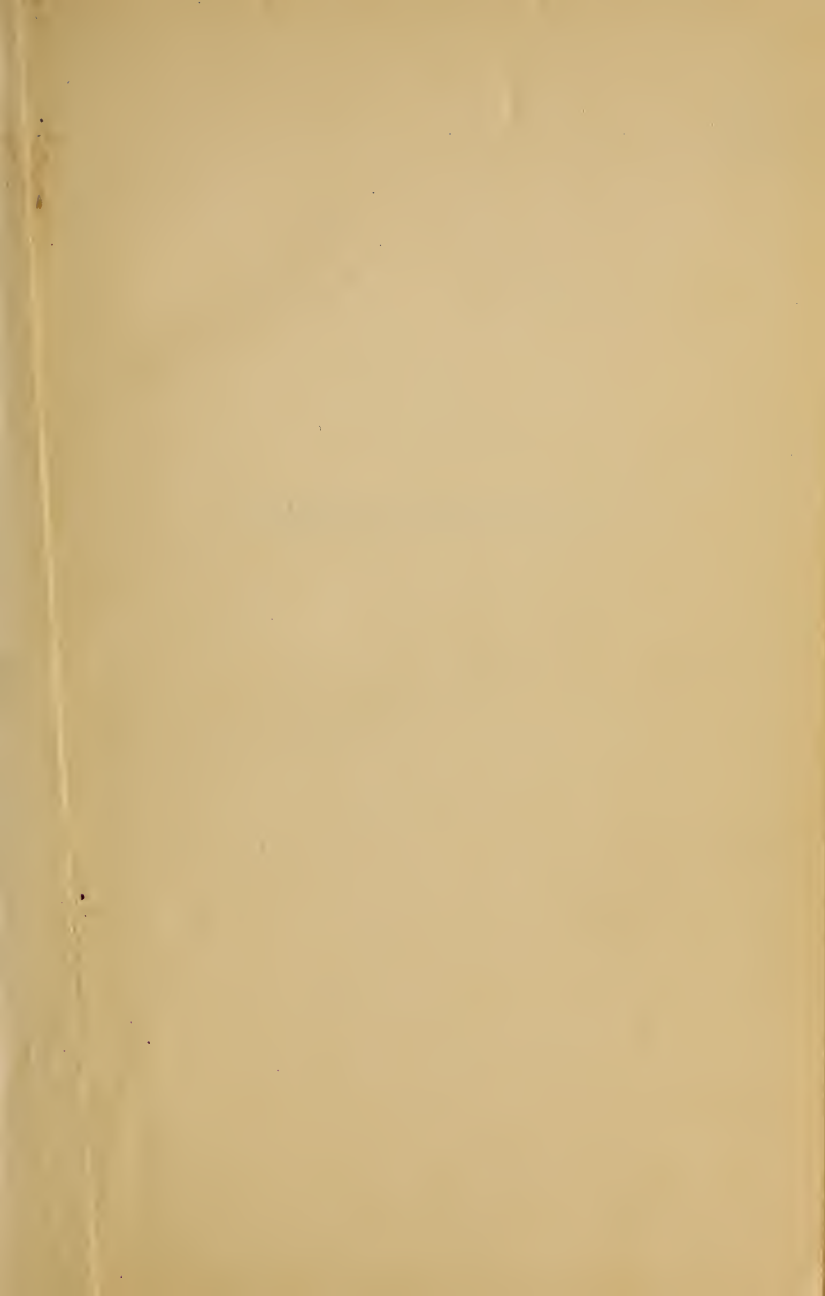
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1867

Costume Monologues

Costume Monologues

By

WALTER BEN HARE

Author of more than one hundred plays, including :

"A Couple of Million," "Professor Pepp," "A Pageant of History," "The Hoodoo," "Much Ado About Betty," "Teddy," "The Heiress Hunters," "The Scoutmaster," "The Camp Fire Girls," "The Boy Scouts," "The Dutch Detective," "Isosceles," "Twelve Old Maids," "The Beantown Choir," etc.

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1919

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
HELLO, PEOPLE !	7
A bright opening number that establishes a feeling of intimacy between the reader and the audience. Written for Nora Bayes and used with great success on the vaudeville stage. Verse.	
NORA AND THE TWINS	11
Irish dialect. Probably the most humorous monologue ever published. As given over 2,000 times by the author. An avalanche of fun. Baby-cries introduced.	
LIZZIE ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT	19
How a popular saleslady, long on slang but short on grammar, made Mr. Dugan propose to her assisted by an evening at the movie-pitchers. A laugh from start to finish.	
WAITING FOR THE TRAIN	27
A humorous story of a country matron whose patience is exhausted waiting for the train, taking care of other people's children, answering a saucy baggage-man, searching for a lost hand-bag, helping an overburdened friend on board, and finally missing the train herself. Very popular with Chautauqua audiences.	
OLD FRIEND WIFE	35
A pianologue. A bit of sentiment in verse that never fails to capture the feminine portion of the audience.	
A MOUNTAIN PHOEBE	39
The belle of Old Gal Mountain in the Ozark Hills tells of her fall from grace and declines the hand of the preacher whose object is matrimony. Music, dance-calls and dancing are introduced. A prize-winner.	

D.C. Oct 1919

HER FIRST CLUB-MEETING	45
A young society matron tries to preside at the opening meeting of a new club. Her knowledge of parliamentary law is very vague, but her sense of safety first is well developed. Refined humor. Recommended for clubs, schools, etc.	
THE LILY OF FRANCE	51
A prize-winning monologue in blank verse, depicting the last hours of Joan of Arc. Worthy of a star's best efforts, as it runs the entire gamut of drama and pathos. Musical suggestions and bell-tones.	
MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SON JOHN	61
A Valentine story for the kiddies told by Old Mother Goose. Real valentines and an artificial duck add to the gayety. A great number for professional storytellers.	
ANTIGONE	71
A dramatic monologue in blank verse arranged from the tragedy by Sophocles. A Grecian maiden's defiance of a tyrant king. An interesting story, pathos, tragedy and a climactic "curse-scene."	
THE COWARD	77
An encore monologue in verse. Intense dramatic description and humorous anti-climax. Musical accompaniment suggested.	
THE HUMAN TONIC	79
Grandma Grout, who poses as a human tonic, tells an invalid friend of the ills and woes of the world, and recommends "Miggin'ses Stomach Balm as good fer anything in the human cistern." Broad comedy.	
A POOR OLD MAID	85
A study in characterization. An old maid tells of her various love-affairs and impersonates an English dude, a cowboy, an Italian, a southern dandy and a rich, fat, old banker. Prose and verse.	

THE COLLEGE WAITRESS	91
Miss Bee-trice Maginnis airs her views on college men, co-eds, higher culture and education in general. A big success on the vaudeville stage. Recommended for high schools and colleges.	
HAGAR IN THE DESERT	97
A Biblical monologue in blank verse. The familiar story of God's care for Hagar and Ishmael left by Abraham to die in the desert. Recommended for women's clubs, lodges, churches and schools.	
AUNT URITTY OF THE HILLS	101
A comedy in mountain dialect. An old hill-woman of Arkansas visits the mountain school, restores discipline, and tells of the courting of little Come-over Quirk and Big Margot Updike.	
RAG BABY	107
Monologue for a little girl impersonating a rag doll. A Christmas story of a rag doll who thinks she is to be cast aside for the new French doll, but is later informed that the French doll is only a visitor and she is "mamma's child."	
DOWN WITH THE MEN!	113
A farcical, burlesque lecture delivered by Miss Samantha Snapdragon. Eight minutes of harmless fun.	
JIMMIE AND THE BRAND-NEW BABY	117
A monologue for a little boy who wants to auction off his new baby sister to any one in the audience. Very popular and not too long.	
SPRINGTIME	121
A monologue introducing a chorus, bird-calls, æsthetic dancing and the joy of the coming of Spring. A good closing number, fully described.	

Costume Monologues

HELLO, PEOPLE!

WRITTEN FOR NORA BAYES,
THE FAMOUS VAUDEVILLE STAR

A vaudeville star, whom some of you know,
When she makes her appearance to open her show
Says, "Hello, people; people, hello!"

I think the idea is perfectly good,
Let's all get acquainted. I wish that I could
Come out there in front, shake you each by the hand,
And say, "Mrs. Audience, my you look grand!
How's the husband and babies? I'm glad you are
well,
Sit down and be cosy, we'll visit a spell."
Now isn't that nice? We're acquainted, I know,
So smile and be happy, and I'll start the show.

One of my audience looks rather glum—
Perhaps she is wishing that she hadn't come,
Or perhaps she's afraid that the baby's awake,

Or the front door's unlocked, or maybe the cake's
Where the children can get it. She's all in a flurry!
Forget it, dear lady, just smile and don't worry.
Let's steal a glad hour from the dull things of life
And lay aside worry and trouble and strife.

And now that the introduction is through,
You all must like me, and I'm sure to like you.
Come, help me along with a smile and a cheer
And a bit of applause. Now isn't it queer
That I'm standing here smiling and asking for aid?
It's rather unusual, but then I'm afraid
If you don't help me out, you won't like the show—
And the manager *might* cut my salary, you know.

The kiddies and babies, I love every one,
If you will be patient, I'll give you some fun
From Costume Monologues, you'll laugh, I declare,
At the comical quips of Walter Ben Hare.
There are bushels of smiles and a couple of tears,
So just wait a while and I'll please you, my dear,
I'll tell you of Nora and the cry-baby twins,
When children get restless then trouble begins.

And the folks that are crowded back there by the
aisle,
I'm sorry you're crowded, but at least you can smile!
You've paid your good money to have a good time,
So let's all be happy, get the worth of each dime.

Of course I'm no Bernhardt, or Fiske or Dusè,
But I'll be rewarded if you will but say,
She's doing her best to give us a good show!
So, Hello, people; people, hello!

NORA AND THE TWINS

Nora is an Irish sprig of shamrock with plenty of confidence in herself—and why shouldn't she have it?—sure, she's only been in Americky six months and has already held four jobs and become engaged to be married to a policeman. She drops in for a little afternoon call on her friend, Miss Finnigan.

(Impersonate a good-natured Irish girl with a loud voice and plenty of "brogue." Pronounce the words exactly as written and pay particular attention to pauses after punctuation marks. Give your audience time to absorb the points of your story.)

I'll set down wid you a minute, Mary Ann Finnigan, this bein' me afternoon off, and ease the troubles of me moind. Sure, durin' the past wake me tribulations have been as thick as the bristles on a Kilkenny hog's back. And it's all on account of the twins at the Marvinses. That's where I work. That is I *did* work there until this mawrnin' whin I was foired, but seein' this was me afternoon off, I refused to be foired until this avenin', and it's me full pay I'll have, er none at all. And

I'll get it, too. Fer well they know that me fi-nan-say is on the police force, and they're afraid to trifle wid the arm of the law. And it's purty well fer me too, is it not? Me havin' only been in this country six months come Michaelmas. But be that as it may!

I was spakin' about me trials and tribulations, the chafest of which is the twins. Bob and Betty, their names is, the wan bein' a boy and the other wan a girrul, and the both of 'em just a year and a half old, the wan just the same as the other, both havin' been born on the same day, makin' thim twins. Sure, 'twas the first toime I ever saw any twins in me loife, except kittens and puppy dogs, and things loike that. The only twins I ever knowed in Ireland was both of them growed up, and both of them full sized women named Ellen and Bridget Hannihan; and foine dacent women they are, too, though wan of thim has only wan eye, her havin' had an accidint wid a flatiron whin she was only a choild. But be that as it may!

'Twas only wan wake I worked at the Marvinses, having answered an advertisement that me fi-nan-say saw in the newspaper. Little did I know about children at all, at all—much less twins. And my, my! Mrs. Marvin was so hygienic wid her thermometers, and hot wather bottles and microbes and germans and food calories, sure it's a wonder I've got any brain lift in me head at all. First it was the temperature of the twinses' bath. It had to be just

so. (And she gave me a little glass do-dinkus that tells you how hot the wather is, er how cold. But I had no time to be foolin' wid that thing. Sure, I have a plan of me own that bates any thermometer iver invented. First you fill the tub wid wather and thin you stick the baby in, and if it turns blue, it's cold, and if it turns red, it's hot. And there you are. Thim Marvinsees is too hygienic to live, so they are. Sure, they think iverything is full of little germans unless you boil it on the foire to git 'em out. Did you iver hear of such a thing, Mary Ann? And microbes! the missus was all the toime lookin' fer microbes. She says did I know what a microbe was. I tould her I did not, but I knew what a bathrobe was, but it wasn't the same thing at all, at all. However, be that as it may!

First of all, no wan was to be allowed to kiss the little twinses. That was all right wid me. I'd just as soon have choked thim as kiss thim. Sure I had no love fer thim children iver since I put me finger in wan of their mouths to see if it had tathe yit, and it nearly bit me hand off. I thought I'd have to have me finger operated. Tathe, is it? Sure, they had tathe like a rhinoceros. And *cry!* thim two twins made more hullabaloo than an Irish wake wid ould Oonah Gilhooly ladin' the mourners, and screamin' off into high-strikes twicet an hour by the clock.

The first day I worked there I took the twins out in their double baby-carriage into the park to git

the air. I was sated peacefully on a binch wid the carriage be me side, whin who should I see strollin' toward me but O'Gilly, me fi-nan-say who's on the force. He sat down beside me and started to become very confidential in his remarks, it bein' a secluded part of the park. "Nora," says he, "whin we are married will we live in a flat or in the suburbs?"

I just started to say, "Mike, darlin'," whin wan of thim twins let out a "Ya-ya-a-a-aaa!" loike you'd think it was bein' scalded or burned to death. Thin just as soon as the other twin heard that she decided that it was toime to join the concert and she started "Eh-eh-e-e-eee!" Sure I looked to see what the trouble was and wan of thim had his foot in the other wan's mouth, and the other wan was bitin' his toe clane off his foot, just loike he bit me finger two hours before. I separated thim, but just as soon as Mike took aholt of me hand again to resume the conversation they started:

(*Softly.*) "Ah, ah, eh! (*Sharp intake of breath.*) U-u-u-wow! (*Loud, sudden yell.*) Wow!"

"Nora," said Mike agin, takin' me hand and sinkin' me head on his powerful shoulder, "darlin' ——"

"Ah—oo—ah—oo! Wa-wa-wa-wa-wah, wah!"

Now, I lave it to you, Mary Ann Finnigan, who could make love wid such howlings and carrying-on in the baby-carriage? Mike arose and lift me in

disgust, and I took the babies back home fully decidin' to lave the situation at once. (Thim twins was too much for me. But I staid until yesterday and thim babies cryin' all the toime, mawrnin', noon and noight. They made more noise than a dozen stame enjines workin' all to oncet, and they cried more water than goes over Niagary Falls. So in me desperation I wint to see me frind Anne Casey, who is a nursemaid who lives acrost the strate two houses beyant, and I siz to her, I siz, siz I, "Anne, phwat must you do whin the children do be cryin' all the toime?"

"Why, give thim some Melon Food," siz Anne Casey.

And I did. I gave them two watermelons and three cantaloupes. I thought at first I had cured them. But I was mistaken. Sure, they hollered so loud that I think me own mother over in Ireland must have heard them. My, my, but I was exasperated.

So over again to Anne Casey goes I, and I tould her phwat I had done. She laughed until the tears run down the back of her neck, she's that cross-eyed. I was just beginnin' to become very, very indignant wid Anne Casey whin she gave me an ixplanation.

"No, no," says she, "'twas not watermelons I was manin', but a food made up especially for children. Ye git it at the droog-store in a little bottle. Melon Food. It costs twinty-foive cints!"

So I spint the twinty-foive cints and got the little bottle. Thin I wint home and took the two twins on me two knees, and got a strangle holt around their necks. They was both cryin' full force at the toime. I allowed thim to smell the bottle and, begorry, they both stopped cryin' at wanst. "Ah, ha," siz I, "at last I've found something that'll turn off the faucet, so I have." And I determined to give 'em a good dose aven if it took up the whole bottle. But first I wanted to be sure, so I rid the directions that was printed on the outside. I intended to follow thim most carefully, for if that bottle didn't cure thim twins from bawlin' sure I'd have to git me another situation.

Let me see, phwat did it say? (*Pretend to read label on imaginary bottle.*) "Before feeding shake well!" (*Look at it closer and read slower.*) "Before feeding shake well!" (*Puzzled look slowly changes to a broad smile.*) Begorry, that was pie fer me. Shake well, is it? Sure, I nearly shook the life out of 'em. I had it in fer thim kids onyhow. They niver yelled a note. I think I shook all the yell out of 'em. Thin I set thim on me knees agin and rid the rist of the instructions. (*Read from bottle.*) "After fadin' put in a cold place!"

I put both of the twins in the ice-box. It was the coldest place I could think of. And now I'm lookin' fer a new situation.

NOTES

1. This monologue may be given in costume, if desired. Wear a dark skirt, an old-fashioned jacket, bright green tie and gaudy hat. When given in this costume omit the introductory paragraph.
2. On the line "I'll set down wid you a minute," draw a rocking-chair close to the footlights at center and sit down. Give the monologue seated and rocking comfortably. When Nora becomes excited she rises, but resumes her seat when she feeds the twins.
3. Pay particular attention to the imitation of the crying babies. Take some lessons in this art from the real articles.
4. On the line "I put both of the twins in the ice-box," rise and cross to entrance at side of stage.
5. The vaudeville rights of this monologue are strictly reserved, but this caution does not apply to Lyceum or Chautauqua work.

LIZZIE ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT

(LIZZIE, *the popular saleslady in men's neckties, dazzlingly dressed and coiffured, gurgles to her chums at the beanery.*)

Girls, you'll never guess what's happened to me in a thousand years. I'm engaged to be married. (*Pauses triumphantly.*) Yep, got a ring and everything. The poor fish come acrost last night. (*Pauses.*) What's that, Teresa Goldstein? I shouldn't call him a poor fish? Huh, I wasn't referring to him at all. I meant myself. Of course Mr. Dugan ain't a fish. Far be it from such. He's a perfect gentleman and has the loveliest manners. He drives an ice-wagon and belongs to the Union and everything.

Well do I remember the first day we met. It was that mornin' after me and Gert went to the Pants Pressers' Ball, and got fined a quarter fer bein' fifteen minutes late to the store. I'll never fergit that ball. Them Pants Pressers is awful refined. There wasn't more'n three er four fights all evenin', hardly.

Oh, yes, what did I start to say? Oh, yes, about

the first time I met Dugan. Well, I hadn't no more'n got my counter dusted off that morning when I looks up and who do I see but Dugan comin' towards me full blast, as the sayin' is. Do you know I felt a big hump right in my chest the minute I sees him? It might have been fate warnin' me of what was goin' to happen, er it might have been me not havin' had no breakfast on account of over-sleeping myself and rushing down to ketch the 7:42 car. Anyhow there was a hump.

And he come straight to my counter. You remember, don't you, Pansy? "Oh, you!" he says, jest thataway, but you orter heard the expression he put in them few words. "Gwan," says I, "the kiddin' room is up on the roof; take the elevator and get the fresh air!" And he come back jest as cute. "I was up there," says he, "but they told me you was down here. What might them be?" and he picked up some neckties jest fer a bluff. He knowed you was lamping him off, Pansy. He told me so afterwards. "Them is neckwear," says I, outwardly calm (*pronounced ca'm*) but inward jest burning with excitement. "And how much?" says he. "Fifty cents to you, but a half dollar to any one else." I always *could* hold my own with them quick come-backs.

Then he wanted me to try some gloves on him. That was the last straw. He held my hand till I had to call him down, much as I hated to do it, him being a perfect stranger at the time. "Say," says

I, "you wanten can that stuff. The floorwalker's got his eyes on you. Our store has lost a lot lately through shopliftin'." I sold him four neckties, three pairs of gloves and six 17½ collars. He actually staid more'n a hour, didn't he, Pansy? He never saw a thing he bought 'cause he never took his lamps off'n my eyes the whole time. I thought he was goin' to camp there the rest of the mornin' and we was kiddin' along right pleasant, him and me, when the floorwalker (I hate that guy) gimme a sign to hurry him up and he seen it and went.

Oh, I fergot! Before he went he made a date with me fer the Bricklayers and Mortar Workers' Ball the next night. Oh, boy, I'll never fergit that ball till my dyin' day! I wore my new silk taffeta, \$1.69, reduced. Mr. Dugan proved to be a lovely dancer. In fact fer a big man I never saw any one who was so light on *my* feet. I knowed he was a reg'lar guy the minute I lamped him comin' toward my counter that mornin' when the hump came in my chest.

Lemme see, where was I at? Oh, yes, I started to tell you how he came to propose. Oh, he was a bashful man all right. I hate them that ain't. Take it from me, girls, and pick a bashful man every time. They mean business. One evening he asked me if I would accept his excort to the movie pitchers and I consented in my grandest manner. Gert had moved out of the boardin' house by that time and I was all alone and as lonesome as an oyster in a stew.

We started fer the pitchers and I says to myself, says I, "Lizzie, it's up to you, old top; it's do or die, sink er swim, give me Dugan er give me death!" I was that emotional.

We walked along the avenue jest grand. First I steered him up in front of a jewelry window. He never suspected no ulterior motions no more'n a month-old baby. He asks me which ring I likes the best. Wouldn't that put a pane in your sash? I answered as quick as a flash, "The plain gold ones," says I. Wasn't that a grand opening? But he was as dumb as a clam chowder. All he says was that I was a sensible girl to prefer a plain one to one wid a rock in it. Then we started fer the movie pitchers.

We passed by three er four, but they wasn't what I was lookin' fer. You see, I wanted one with a weddin' in it, him being that bashful. Finally I found it. It was The Love Light in Her Eyes in Six Parts and showed the dame in a pitcher outside all diked up in a weddin' veil. "We'll go in here," says I, "weddings is my long suit." Another opening, but still he ain't sayin' a word.

It was a lovely pitcher and I could see right away that he was impressed. But he never even squeeze my fingers. Ain't some men the gumps? The girl in the pitcher had a horrible time gettin' married. It took her three reels to git the guy to perpose and two more to git the weddin' pulled off. And all the time the vampire and the villun was tryin' to

crab the game. Some folks don't even need a vampire and a villun, they kin crab their own game. I told that to Dugan.

Oh, the pitcher got awfil exciting long towards the last. The villun was goin' to come right in the church and say that he forbid the banns to the bride, her bein' already his lawful wedded wife married to him in Omaha. And he did. Dugan was awful worked up. "I could beat the face off'n him," says he.

"Fer why?" says I.

"Fer crabbin' the weddin'," says Dugan. Then I let go straight from the shoulder.

"He ain't the only one that's crabbin' a weddin'," says I.

And I give him a emotional look.

"I don't get you," says he.

"I didn't think you would," says I, and I didn't deign to explain no further. And while he was thinkin' it over they changed the pitchers and run a Fatty Arbuckle, and Heavings knows there ain't no more sentiment in one of them comics than there is in a oyster.

"Don't you think he's funny?" says Dugan. I was never more exasperated in my life.

"There's them that's funnier than he is, and thicker too, and don't draw no salary fer it neither." If that wasn't a solar plexus, I dunno what you'd call it. My, I was mad. I hurried him out and started fer home on a dead trot. I'd jest about give

Dugan up as a bonehead and a bad job. Gert had told me that the bashful ones always needed a little encouragement. Well, Heavings knows I done my best.

➤ Lemme see, where was I? Oh, yes, we started home immediate, and I was as mad as a damp duck. We didn't even stop to git a hamburger sandwich, er a nut sundae, er chewin' gum er nothin'. And whenever Lizzie Grabbenheimer don't stop fer a light after-the-theatre refreshment, you know sump'm's dead wrong. When we got to my boardin' house I was so nervous I couldn't see straight. I had jest one trump left, and, believe me, I played it. And it took the trick.

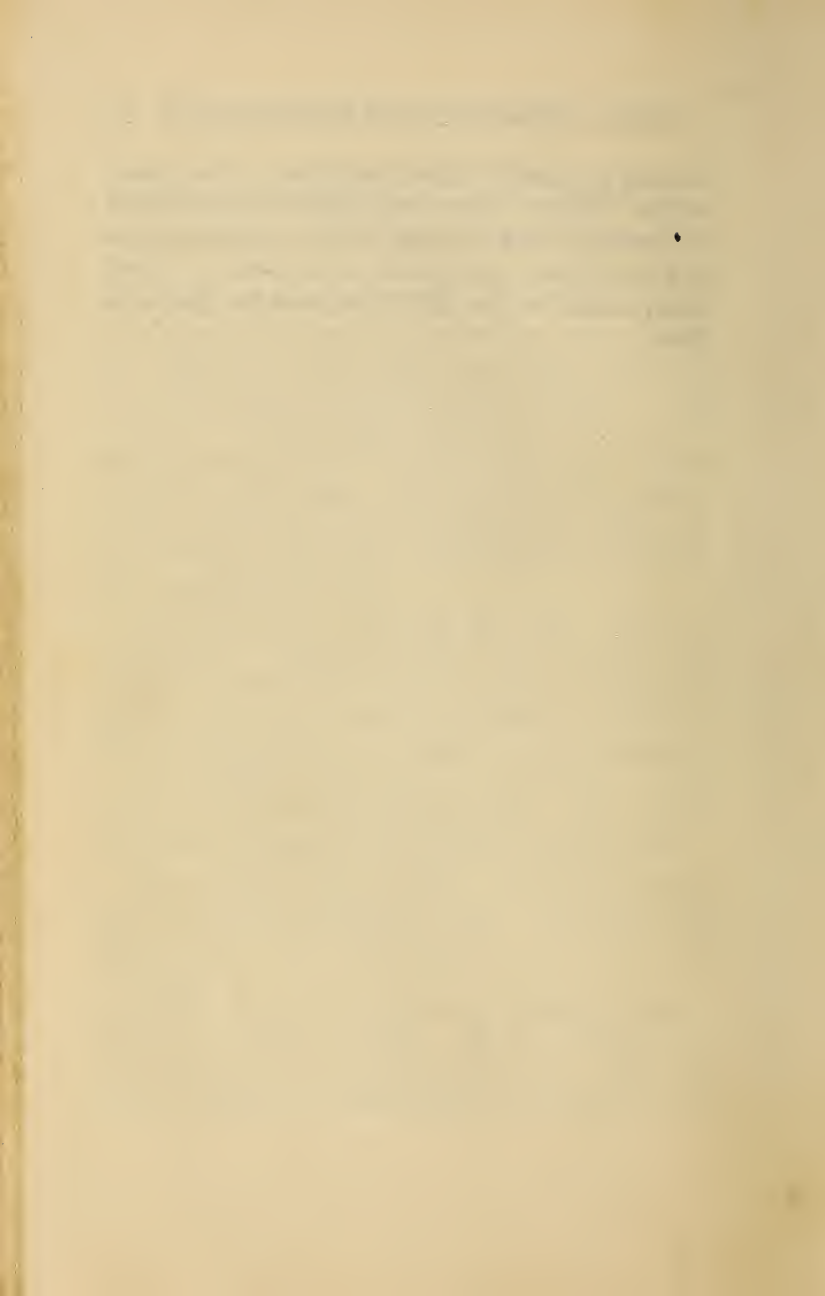
First I fetched a long sigh, like that! (*Gives a long sigh.*) I heard the leadin' lady in a show do that oncet and it often comes in handy. It lets the man know you're feelin' emotional, er sump'm. Then I handed it to him straight from the shoulder.

"It's terrible lonesome, it is, since Gert moved away, me livin' all alone by myself." And, take it from me, I throwed a lot of feelin' in that speech.

But whatcha think he says? He looks at me a minute and then he hands me this, "Why don't you git one of the girls at the store to come and room with you?"

Could you beat it? I lost my ladylike attitude right. It come so sudden. Get one of the girls at the store to come and room with me! What did I do? I hit him. I slapped him in the face so hard

it stung my hand. Believe me, Pansy, it was some wallop. He got dizzy and clinched till his head cleared and when he come to and quit seein' stars and the sidewalk quit spinnin' around, there I was—softly sobbin' on his shirt front, and the deed was done.



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

(MRS. BOGGS, a middle-aged country woman, is waiting for her train in the Canton, N. Y., depot. She sits at c., surrounded by parcels and bundles and is reading a railroad time-table.)

Humph, this time-table's about as sensible as a funny page in the Sunday paper. (Lemme see, the train leaves Ogdensburg at 11:20 P. M. and gits here at 10:10 A. M. Well, I understand that much anyhow.) It's 9:40 now and I've been waitin' in this railroad station sence eight o'clock this morning. My, but it's dirty. I'll bet this place ain't been scrubbed since Bryan first started to run fer President. Oh, there's a man. (*Rises and crosses to L.*) Say, did you see a train coming? You didn't? I thought I heard a whistle er sump'm. You're the station agent, ain't you? (*Pauses.*) Oh, the baggage man. Well, when's the train due?

What train? Why, my train. (*Pauses then laughs.*) (Oh, you're cute, ain't you?) No, I don't think you're a mind-reader, you don't look like you had any mind at all. Why the train to De Kalb Junction, of course. Oh, 10:10. Is that when it leaves er when it gits here? All the same, is it? I didn't know. I thought that mebbe they was goin' to stop fer passengers, er sump'm. (*Pauses.*) If

it gits here at 10:10 and leaves at 10:10 how on earth is it goin' to stop to lemme on? It takes time fer *me* to git on a train.

Yes, I read the time-table in the folder. That says it'll be here at 10:10, but that ain't no sign it's tellin' the truth, is it? Trains is never on time anyhow, especially on these here one-hoss roads. Oh, it ain't your road, hay? (*Sarcastically.*) Well, now, I thought mebbe 'twas, seein' all the airs you give yourself. I thought you must be the president at least.

(*Turns to R.*) Well, fer the land sakes, if that ain't Cornelia Cowslicker. (*Crosses to R.*) Howdy-do, Cornelia. I ain't seen you sence Ebenezer Beanbiler's funeral. I don't git much time to go to festivities no more. ('Specially since Hiram's got the tizic in his chist.) How well you're lookin'. Farmin' must agree with you. I didn't know it was you at first, seein' as how I ain't seen you fer six years, but I'd 'a' knowed that brown and green dress anywheres. (I says to myself, "There ain't no one in York State's got sich a dress except Cornelia Cowslicker!"—and I was right.) Where you goin'?

To Watertown? What fur? Oh, your boy Ezry's bein' married? Well, I never! Who's a-marryin' *him*? (*Pauses.*) Oh! No, I don't know her. I don't know them Swedish folks very well. Cornelia, you don't tell me them big children belong to you? Well, for the land sakes! Don't time

fly? Come here, little gal, and shake hands with me. I knowed you when you was still in long clothes. What's her name, Cornelia? Cerinthy Etta! Well, ain't that lovely? You must 'a' got it out of a novel book. And a boy, too! Well, well, I ain't never had the pleasure of seein' you before, young man. What's his name? John Hennery? Named after his paw? Fer the land sakes. He favors his paw too, Cornelia, especially about the nose. But don't you worry, mebbe he'll outgrow it before he gits big. What did he say? (*Pauses.*) He wants to know what's the matter with his paw's nose? (*Laughs.*) Why, nothin' at all, son. I jest said that to be pleasant.

What's that, Cornelia? Your husband's nose is a trifle large, but he allers keeps it outa other folkses affairs? Now, Cornelia, I didn't mean nothin' personal, you know that. You and me's been good friends, off and on, fer thirty years, and it ain't your fault that John Hennery's nose is so big. Mebbe that's the sign of a big heart. Did you git your things checked? You didn't? Go on and git 'em checked, it don't cost a cent. The baggage-room is over there. I'll take care of the children fer you.

— What did you say your name was, little gal? Cerinthy Etta, hay? Now you just set still like a good little gal and then purty soon you'll have a nice ride on the choo-choo cars. What's that? You want a drink? All right. Come over here to

the water-cooler. You want a drink too, John Hennerly? All right. There you are.

There's that baggage man agin. (*Crosses to L.*) Say, is that 10:10 train on time? Oh, it *was* the last you heard of it! When was that? (*Pause, then very sarcastically.*) Oh, yesterday! Humph, you orter be the cut-up in some circus show, you're too cute to waste your time as a baggage man. Now you lemme know when that 10:10 train arrives, er I'll report you to the sup'intendent. My husband used to work fer a railroad and I ain't goin' to take no sass off'n you. What's that, John Hennerly? You want another drink? Land sakes! You children's jist human sponges. Cerinthy, take brother over there and git him another drink. You don't want to? Well, you'd better. It's bad enough to be settin' here fer six mortal hours a-waitin' fer that 10:10 train, without havin' a couple of Cornelia Cowslicker's young'uns pesterin' me.

John Hennerly! Where's that boy got to? Outside, is he? (*Crosses to R.*) John Hennerly, you come away from the pig immediately. He'll bite you. I don't keer if he *is* in a crate. Can't he bite through the bars? Cerinthy, you go out and git him. Do you want to git lost in a strange land seven miles from home? (*Turns to L.*)

Well, Cornelia, did you git your things checked? Then set down and we kin have a nice long talk afore the train gits here. Which way you goin'? (Oh, south, hay? I'm goin' east myself.) That's too

bad. I was hoping you'd go on my train and I'd have comp'ny. I hate travelin' alone. (But there's no gittin' Hiram away from home with a pitchfork, him having the tizic so bad in his chist.) My, what a lot of bundles you got. What's in that jar? Watermelon preserves? Oh, it's a weddin' present. Ain't that nice, now? Kinder settin' 'em up in housekeepin', ain't you? I'll never fergit that jar of cherries you give me when I got married. They was spiled. But I don't suppose you knowed that, did you? Nearly give Hiram the measles, er sump'm, when he et 'em. He's never been able to stand the sight of a cherry preserve sence. Of course I made him eat 'em. I'm a economical woman, Cornelia, and I started right in with Hiram on our weddin' day. Now, he'll eat anything.

(Seated at c., she looks toward L.) There's that baggage man again. Mebbe he thinks we're goin' to steal the water-cooler, er sump'm. Ain't he a funny little shrimp? Looks a little bit like your John Hennery around the eyes, but of course he ain't got the nose. (Crosses to L.) Say, is that train on time? (Pauses.) Oh, you don't know. Looks like as long as you work fer the railroad you orter know whether the train's on time er not. When does the ticket office open? (Pauses.) Oh, whenever the ticket-agent gits ready to open it? Ain't you fresh? Well, ef I was runnin' this railroad there'd be some folks a-huntin' a new job. The idea! (Sits at c.)

Did you hear about Mrs. Isaiah Trimmer here in Canton last week? She let a can opener slip and cut herself in the pantry. Right serious, too. Them Trimmers is allers doin' sump'm to git their names in the papers. Listen! (*Starts up.*) Wasn't that a whistle? The train's comin'. (*Crosses to L. with bundles, etc.*) Say, baggage man, is that my train? You dunno, the last you heard, it belonged to the railroad company. (*With great disgust.*) Oh! You must 'a' been readin' the almanac. It's the south train, hay? Cornelia, that's your train. Hurry, it only stops a minute. Git your things together. There, the train's in. Hurry, Cornelia.

Your little hand-bag? No, I ain't seen it. (*Turns to L.*) Have you seen anything of her little hand-bag? Children, hustle around and hunt your maw's hand-bag. (*Looks around.*) More'n likely that baggage man picked it up. I wouldn't put it a-past him. What's he say? All aboard? Conductor, conductor, you jest wait a minute. One of your passengers has lost some of her property. Children, ain't you seen it yet? Johnny, run out and ask the baggage man if he's seen anything of your maw's hand-bag. Hurry up, we're a-holdin' the train fer you. Conductor, don't you darst to start that train till Cornelia Cowslicker finds her hand-bag. It's a matter of life and death. Git a move on? My stars and seeds, whatcha *think* we're doin'?

Don't *you* gimme none of your sass. I don't keer ef you *are* the conductor. My husband used to work fer a railroad and I'll report you to the sup'intendent. Hustle around, Cerinthy, and look fer your maw's hand-bag. Don't set there like a bump on a log. Go and look in the water-cooler.

Well, my stars and seeds! There's your hand-bag. She was a-settin' on it all the time. Come on now. Hurry up. Git aboard. (*Turns to conductor at L.*) Well, she's a-hurryin', ain't she? She ain't no locomotive. Come on, now. Here, lemme help you. I'll carry that bird-cage. (*Pantomimes assisting CORNELIA to L.*) Yes, you've got everything. Fer the land sakes! (*Shrill shriek.*) Johnny! You've forgotten John Hennery! Where is he? That little limb, you orter spank him to death. John! John Hennery! Where is he? Oh, look there. He's on the train, settin' in the coach as big as life. Hurry, Cornelia, hurry. There's your ticket. Here, you git out of her way. She's got to ketch that train. Oh, it's a-movin'. Push her up, boost her. Up you go, Cornelia.

(*Comes down to c.*) Thank goodness, she's on board at last. Oh, wait a minute. (*Pick up jar from floor and run to L.*) Stop that train, you stop that train! Cornelia, *Cornelia*, you fergot your watermelon preserves. Your wedding present. Here it is. I'll throw it. There! (*Pantomimes throwing imaginary jar.*) Good gracious, I hit the porter right in the vestibule. (*Laughs.*) I don't

keer. Cornelia got her watermelon preserves anyway.

Say, baggage man, when does *my* train go? *What?* That *was my train?* (*Runs to L.*) It's gone. Stop it. Stop it. Telegram it to come back. You can't? It's six miles away. (*Sinks in chair.*) Oh, I've missed my train and it's all your fault, you great big lummoX. Now, I won't go. I won't go a step, jest fer spite. I'm going back home and I'll never travel over your old road again if I live to be a hundred.

OLD FRIEND WIFE

A PIANOLOGUE

(A popular reader who has given this selection over two thousand times plays the piano accompaniment to "Just Before the Battle, Mother," using only the music for the verse, omitting the chorus. Play the air, not merely the chords, as a running accompaniment to the words, fast or slow as desired.)

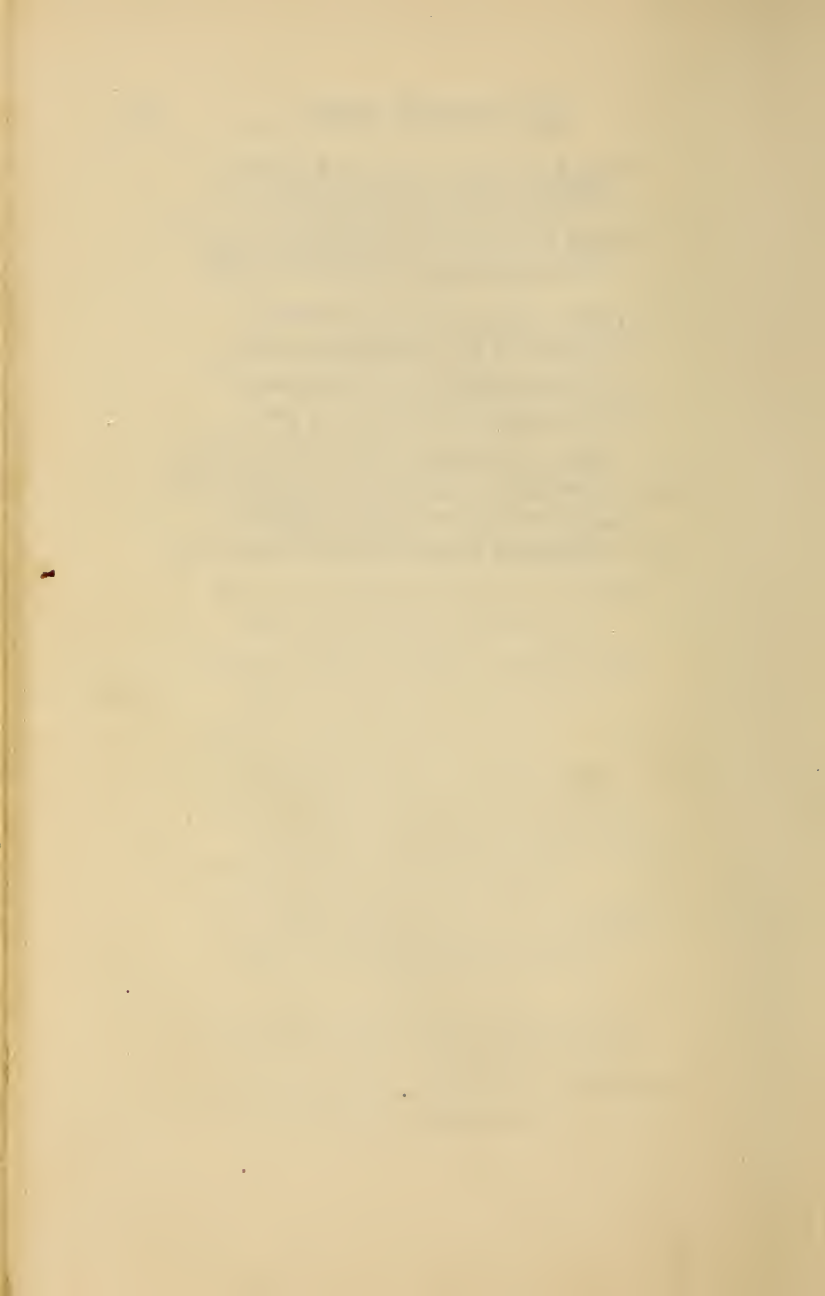
'Twas a party in the city,
And the crowd was rather gay;
They had wined and dined and toasted
In the good old-fashioned way.
The last speaker on the program
Gave a lesson straight from life,
When he said, "Boys, lift your glasses
In a toast to Old Friend Wife."

Then a hush went round the table,
Each one thought it was a joke,
But the speaker paused a minute,
When he spoke his clear voice broke:
"I am serious, friends and brothers,
Toast the grandest things in life,
Toast our sisters and our mothers,
And at last toast Old Friend Wife.

- “ Hand in hand you’ve gone together
The gold years and the gray,
Summer shines and winter weather
Each has come your way.
She was glad when you were lucky,
And when gloom and jinx were rife,
Words of cheer and smiles so plucky
Came to you from Old Friend Wife.
- “ Oh, I know she’s sometimes balky,
And, of course, that makes you peeved;
Midnight lectures,—yes, she’s talky,
And you think you’re deeply grieved.
Just have patience, keep your temper,
Do not mar your married life—
In your heart of hearts you worship
Balky, talky Old Friend Wife.
- “ Stop a minute, think it over,
Nine times out of ten she’s right.
Why should she stay home so lonely
While you’re chasing round at night?
She’s a soldier in life’s battle,
Though there’s ne’er a drum nor fife!
Help her fight her cares and troubles,
She’s a hero, Old Friend Wife.
- “ When you go to work each morning
Kiss the wife a fond good-bye,
Praise her looks and praise her cooking
As you did in days gone by.

Take her in your arms and tell her
She's the crowning joy of life,
Bring her flowers and bring her candy—
Sweetheart ever, Old Friend Wife.

“ Take a tip from me, my brothers,
Strew the flowers along her way,
For she won't be with you always,
Soon the gold will turn to gray.
Take her hand and call her Sweetheart,
Shield her close from cares and strife;
God alone knows all her troubles,
Mother, Chum and Old Friend Wife.”



A MOUNTAIN PHŒBE

(PHŒBE MARTIN *is the belle of Old Gal Mountain in the Ozark Hills of Arkansas. She wears a bright, flowered cretonne dress trimmed with yellow cambric ribbons. Rough low shoes with yellow cambric bows. Hair down in curls. Cheap hat trimmed in flowers to match the dress. Reticule on arm. A quaint, cheap costume, but very becoming to the vivacious PHŒBE.*)

Now, maw, there hain't a bit of use fer you and Aunt Uritty to talk to me thataway. I reckon airy gal in the hull world would 'a' did what I done and I'm ready to take the blame, even ef they turn me outa church fer it. You-uns cain't dance yourself and that's how-come you don't have no patience with them that do.

When Iry Tolliver tooken me to that party I didn't reckon to up an' dance no more'n a crow. All the time I war joggin' along back of him on the bay mare I kep' sayin' to myself, "Phœbe Martin, you're a church member now!" Jest kinder keepin' time to the hosses' joggin'. "You're a church member!

you're a church member, you're a church member!" But it shore didn't do no good. I sinned and I reckon I'll bear the punishment. I ain't aimin' to be sassy, maw, but you know there ain't airy a gal on the mountain who wouldn't 'a' gone to that 'ere party last night, 'less'n she war lame, er crippled, er down sick in the baid.

I warn't aimin' to dance when I went nohow. I knowed that I war a church member, good and strong, and that I'd done made my perfession and stood high with the preacher, but, maw, I got feet and I got feelings, and when Ben Bartlett and Sim Littlebin started to play them fiddles, laws! (*Soft violin music heard behind scenes playing "Hown' Dawg Song."*) I reckon my feet and my feelings done got the better of me. Yes'm, I admit I danced, and worse'n that, I gloried in it.

Them boys certainly made them fiddles sing, maw, and they sung clean down into my heart and grabbed it and set it a-throbbin', and when your heart throbs and the fiddles sing thataway, you jes' naturally cain't help what your feet do, airy time. Course, Aunt Uritty, I knowed I war a Methodis', I never forgot it, even fer a minute, but I reckon it war only my haid that knowed it, kase jes' as soon as I yeerd

"Every time I comes to town,
The boys start kickin' my dawg aroun',
Makes no diff'runce ef he is a houn',
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

“Balance to yer partners and a do-see-do,
Grab a gal and swing her clean off the flo’,
Ladies to the right an’ swing or cheat,
Grab yer gal and waltz her to her seat!”

Oh, maw, my feet done plum fergot that they was Methodis’ feet, and started a-hitchin’ this-away and that-away (*shuffles*), the music kep’ a-goin’ and my feet got a-jumpin’, so, and so (*steps right and left*), steppin’ this way and steppin’ that—’twell finally I couldn’t hold out no longer, so I yelled out “Glory!” and grabbed Iry Tolliver and swung him clean offa his foots. No, it waren’t his fault at all. ’Twar mine. He didn’t lead me, kase I led *him*! And I’m willin’ to take the blame, even ef I have to stand up ’fore all the brethren and sistern and be churched fo’ it.

That tune jest naturally burn me up. Old Bow-leg Bosworth was a-callin’ off the figgers, Do-see-do, and Eight Hands Round and Promenade All; and big Marthy Matlock a-dancin’ down the center, weighin’ purt’ nigh three hundred pounds, and nary a shoe ner stockin’ to her foots, and Iry a-swingin’ me like he’s done possessed, and the barn all bright with lanterns and candles, and the smell of the sweet new-mown hay, and the chunin’ of the fiddles, and the old folkses a-pattin’ their hands, and hol-lerin’ and eggin’ us on (*dances*), Forward Fours and Ladies’ Chain! Human nature jes’ couldn’t stand things like that and not dance! Harken,

cain't you-uns jest hear them fiddles and old Bow-leg Bosworth? (*Calls in time to music.*)

Ladies to the center and gents circle 'roun',
Back to yer places, now swing 'em off the groun',
Gran' Right an' Lef', go t'other way,
We're a-gwine to dance till the break of day!

Oh, maw, you're a-dancin' your own self, and lookit old Aunt Uritty's foots a-keepin' time. Oh, goody, goody, now you cain't blame me, you-uns is all excited jes' yearin' me tell it, and that's how-come me to lose my haid when I yeerd the music, and callin' the figgers, and hands a-clappin' and everything. Shucks, even the preacher hisself would 'a' danced. (*Music ceases.*)

Oh, somebody's comin'. There's a man outside. He's done hitched out thar in our dooryard. Lemme see who 'tis. (*Peers out, gives sudden gasp of fright.*) Oh! It's him. Lemme hide, lemme hide. He's after me. It's Brother Bascomb, the preacher. Oh, mommy, you go and let him in and tell him I ain't yere. Please! That ain't lyin' much. Lemme hide. It's too late. He's yere. (*Smiles sweetly.*) Oh, mornin', Brother Bascomb, how you come on this mornin'?

Yessir, I'm jes' dressed up a little. I'm tryin' on my new Sunday gown. Ain't nothin' wrong in that, is there? (*Pauses.*) What? You want to see me alone? (*Pathetically.*) Honest, preacher, I ain't

'done nothin'. Please don't pester me this mornin', kase I don't feel good nohow. Aunt Uritty, whar you-uns goin'? (*Pauses.*) To pick cotton? Brother Bascomb, I reckon if you'll excuse me, I'll go and pick cotton with 'em. We-uns has got right powerful heap o' work to do to-day. (*Pauses, looks at him in a frightened manner.*) Oh, you wants to talk to me. Is it serious? I done told you I hain't done nothin'. (*Slight pause.*) Well, nothin' much, nohow. (*Pause.*) Kin you set down? Yessir, I reckon you kin.

Laws, Brother Bascomb, you got a hold a my hand. Please, sir, it waren't much. Don' look at me thataway. I 'clare I'll confess. (*Pause.*) What? You've larned to love me? You? Oh, Brother Bascomb, get up off'n your knees. You'll get your nice store pants all dirty. No, sir. Please, I ain't aimin' to git married right away. No, I don't want to hurt you none. I like you right tender, Brother Bascomb, but I cain't promise nothin'. (*Pauses.*) No, sir, I ain't fitten to be no preacher's wife. I ain't fittin, I *ain't fittin!* I'm a sinner and a backslider! (*Pauses.*) Yessir, I done backslid las' night. I danced!

No, sir, I couldn't help it. (*Pauses.*) Well, mebbe it *was*. Anyhow, he didn't have no pitchfork, ner nothin', all he had war a fiddle. I *am* a Methodis', honest I am, all 'cept my foots. (*Pauses.*) You'll forgive me and won't turn me out the church? Oh, Mr. Bascomb, I'll get right

up in meetin' come a Sunday and confess my sins. (*Pauses.*) But I cain't marry you. No, sir, I cain't do it nohow. I jest naturally cain't. (*Pauses.*) How-come I cain't? Well, it's chiefly 'cause I'm promised to Iry Tolliver. Yessir, and I reckon Iry would object right smart. I done been promised to Iry nigh onto two months now. (*Pauses.*) Yessir, I'm sorry. But I don't reckon I war ever cut out fer a preacher nohow. Iry ain't nothin' but a plain hill-billy, Brother Bascomb, but I love him and he loves me. (*Pauses.*) Oh, thank you. You wish us well. You'll marry us fer nothin'! Laws, you make me jest grovel down in the dust with shame, after what I did las' night. You're a noble man, Brother Bascomb, and I never was good enough fer you nohow. I'll walk out as fur as the Spring with you, and no matter what happens I'll always be your best friend and well-wisher, but I never was cut out for a preacher's wife, nohow, kase no matter how much I want to, it jest seems like I never could make my foots behave when they hears a fiddle. They ain't Methodis' foots nohow. (*Exit.*)

HER FIRST CLUB-MEETING

(NOTE: Use a sweet girlish voice throughout the monologue.)

Girls, girls, not so much noise, please. We can't hear ourselves think. It's time to begin the meeting. (*Stands by table.*) We are all here. (*Raps with gavel on table.*) Ladies, a little attention, please. (*Raps louder.*) Ladies! Please don't all talk at once. Listen to me. Margaret! I'm calling the meeting to order. Listen! Kittie Chester, keep still! Really, you know, I don't like to act mean in my own house, but we have come together for a serious purpose, serious, mind you! and you all are just as rude as if you merely came to tea. No, not all! Just some of you, I mean. Ethel, sit down, please! (*Raps with gavel.*) Come to order.

Now let me see—(*consults notes*). We have a great work before us, the emancipation of woman and the subjugation of man. Of course, some of us have already subjugated man—I've subjugated one, at least,—but I refer to the sex as a whole. We are banded together, ladies, for a serious purpose. Our purpose is to bring the men closer to the women. You needn't laugh, Celia Faxon, you

know I didn't mean what you mean. Let me see now. What do we do next?

What did you say, Ethel? Select officers? Oh, of course. Won't you be the president, Mrs. Dean? (*Pauses.*) Oh, the president must be selected by the club as a whole. Of course. How stupid of me. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dean, I thought it was just like in the army and went by age. (*Pauses.*) No, of course you aren't a Methusalem, dear Mrs. Dean. Certainly not. I didn't mean it that way at all. Kittie, please let us have a little order in the rear of the room. Did you want to say something? Oh, giving Madge your recipe for clam chowder? Do you use garlic? You don't? Now, I think a touch of garlic gives it a *soupçon* (*soupçon* means a suspicion in French) of foreign flavor that is irresistible. Clarence always says my clam chowder is — Oh, what's that, Ethel? (*Hastily.*) Yes, yes of course. I forgot all about the election of officers.

Certainly we'll all vote, and then the one who gets the most votes is the president. It's so thrilling. I think you'd make us a lovely president, Mrs. Oldham, you have so much executive ability and you play a wonderful hand of bridge. Let's all vote for Mrs. Oldham. Mrs. Oldham, you're nominated.

Who nominated her? Why, I did. That's according to Hoyle, isn't it? Now does any one second the nomination? I believe that's the proper proceeding. (*Pauses.*) Well, some one should get

up and say: "I second Mrs. Oldham's nomination."
(*Pauses, smiles sweetly.*) I am waiting. (*Pauses; frowns severely.*) Well, really! Barbara, you second the nomination, don't you? (*In undertone to L.*) Barbara Sylvester, if you don't second me, I'll never speak to you again! (*Pauses, then smiles.*) Thank you. Mrs. Oldham, you're seconded. (*Always turn to R. when speaking to MRS. OLDHAM.*) Now, I move that Mrs. Oldham be made president unanimously. (*Slight pause, then speaks to BARBARA on L.*) Barbara, you must second that, too. That's right. Now it's all settled. See how easy it is.

Nan, did you want anything? (*NAN is at C., about half-way back.*) Oh, you want to propose Katherine Howells for president. I don't think that's exactly according to parliamentary rules as laid down by Hoyle and Work. You see, dear, I've already nominated Mrs. Oldham and Barbara seconded the motion. Didn't you, Barbara? So, that makes you out of order, Nan. Anyhow, you're not seconded. (*Pauses.*) Oh, Ethel seconded you? Ethel, did you second her? You did? Well, I don't think it's according to Hoyle, because—(*hesitates*) because there is a motion already before the house. If you wanted Katherine Howells for president, you should have said so before I nominated Mrs. Oldham. Am I not right, Mrs. Oldham? (*Pauses, then looks toward NAN again.*) You see, dear, she says I'm perfectly right. You insist on

a vote. Why, Nan Comstock! You mustn't be rude, dear. You're out of order. Strictly out of order. Oh, yes you are, quite. Isn't she, Mrs. Oldham? (*Looks at NAN again.*) Sit down, that's a dear.

Now we will proceed — (*Impatiently to NAN.*) Nan, whatever are you standing up for? What is it? Why, certainly, you have a right to be heard. Aren't we all sisters working in a common cause? What is it, dear? Oh, you still want to put Katherine Howells up for president. Well, I must say! What's that? An amendment? Oh, she's an amendment. I see, that's perfectly logical, isn't it? Mrs. Oldham is to be president and Katherine is to be the amendment. It all goes to show how businesslike women can be.

Now, Mrs. Morton has the floor. (*MRS. MORTON is down in front at R.*) What did you move, Mrs. Morton? (*Pauses.*) Oh, you move that we proceed to vote. That's just what I was going to propose. Ladies, you have all heard Mrs. Motion's morton. I beg pardon, I mean Mrs. Morton's motion, that we proceed to vote. I second her morton myself. I mean motion. Are you ready for the question? (*Pauses, then impatiently.*) Now, what is it, Nan? What is the motion? Why, that we proceed to vote, of course. Now all who are in favor of Mrs. Motion's morton say aye. (*Pauses.*) The ayes have it. And that means that you are elected, Mrs. Oldham. You are our president.

Nan, do you want to speak again? For gracious' sakes! Very well, dear, state your motion. Oh, it's an amendment. Well, that makes no difference, you've got to state it just the same. (*Pauses, then shows indignation.*) What? You move to amend that Katherine Howells be elected president. Oh, very well, I'll put your amendment, though I know it is contrary to all the rulings of Hoyle and every other authority. All in favor of Nan's amendment say aye. (*Pauses.*) Why, that's unanimous, too. That means that you have elected Katherine to be your president. (*Rattled.*) And how can that be when you have already elected Mrs. Oldham? (*Raps with gavel.*) Order, ladies, please, *please!* Nan, you will greatly oblige me by taking your seat. How can I preside when you are bobbing up every minute with motions and amendments and everything? Why, I can't get a word in edgeways. Now, ladies, let us look at this thing logically. You have elected two presidents, and I'm sure Hoyle doesn't permit any such proceeding. Mrs. Oldham was elected unanimously and Katherine Howells was elected unanimously. Now, let me see! (*Thinks.*) It's very perplexing.

(*Impatiently.*) Nan, do you want to speak again? That makes five times. (*Pauses, then smiles sweetly at NAN.*) Oh, you are going to leave the whole decision to me. That's just like King Solomon, you know, in Shakespeare, who had to decide who was the baby of the mother. I

hardly know what to do. Surely you cannot expect me to decide between my guests. I have it. I'll leave the decision to the candidates themselves. Now, Mrs. Oldham, I put the whole question up to you and Katherine. Which one wants to decline the office? (*Pauses.*) Which one wishes to force herself against the wishes of the other? (*Pauses.*) Don't either of you? You are both my very dear personal friends. You see how embarrassing this is for me. Ladies, I don't know what to do. I have offered the position to each of them and neither one seems willing to accept the honor.

Isn't it weird? First we had two presidents and now we haven't any at all. It's very puzzling. (*Pauses slightly, then smiles.*) Ah, I have it. Why, of course, why didn't I think of that in the first place? I will accept the office myself. I will be the president for the ensuing year, and I do now so declare myself. Ladies, come to order!

THE LILY OF FRANCE

(Miss Alice Ramona Jones of Des Moines, Iowa, was awarded first place in the Seven States Oratorical Contest with this monologue at St. Louis, Mo., December 27, 1918.)

Dong—dong—dong—dong! (*Bell tones, slow
and sad.*)
A requiem and a prayer,
Toll—sadly toll,
Ye bells of Rouen Square.

A dungeon cell all cold and dark and damp,
And I, Joan of Arc, am bound in chains,
I, Joan the Maid, the Lily Maid of France,
Who led a mighty army into Rheims,
All clad in silver mail from heel to head,
With oriflammes and banners painted fair
With lilies and the rising of our Lord.
My Golgotha is here, I drink the cup,
The bitter cup of woe, the crown of thorns
Is heavy on my head—it is the end!

Why am I bound in chains? Chains are for
slaves.

Why do they shout without? Hark, hear that
voice!

“Come forth, come forth, thou devil’s spawn, and
burn!”

What have I done that they should hate me so?
And see yon stake with chains and hoops of iron,
And fagots heaped high in Rouen Square—
They’ll bind me to that stake and light the fire,
The fagots roar and crackle in the wind,
And on that flaming pyre I’ll meet my God!
They’ll burn me at the stake. Oh, I’m afraid,
afraid!

Even my voices hath deserted me—
Saint Michael and Saint Catherine, come to me,
Let me but hear thy words, one little word,
To help me in my hour of bitter need.
There’s no reply, now am I cursed indeed.

Dong—dong—dong—dong! (*Bell tones, very*
My hour is here, and then *slow, sad, head*
Death—endeth all, *bowed in deep*
World without end, amen! *despair.*)

Nay, I’m but dreaming, ’tis the shepherd’s bell,
And I’m the shepherd’s daughter, lowly born,
In Dom Remi, a village of my king.
I am a child, I keep my father’s sheep,
And here beneath this oak’s broad shade I sit,
My thoughts, all far from earth, are piercing
Heaven.
And see what glorious vision greets mine eyes,

The scene is cloaked in pearly mist and flame,
And there an angel stands all shining bright,
An angel with a banner and a sword,
I can nor speak nor pray, I'm stupified,
His face is like Saint Michael's in the church,
I do not dream, he's there beneath the oak.

He speaks, Saint Michael speaks, "Arise, Joan,
Lily of France, arise and leave thy flocks,
The Lord appoints thee to a nobler task.
Arise and take this banner, draw this sword,
Therewith exterminate thy people's foes,
Lead forth thy soldiers into Orleans,
Conduct to Rheims thy royal master's son,
And place the crown of France upon his head,—
Arise, Joan of Arc, and save thy France!"

Dong—dong—dong—dong! (*Bell tones,*
Ye bells of France now ring, *faster, louder,*
For Joan, the Lily Maid, *triumphantly*
Rides forth to crown her king. *proud.*)

And now I bravely face mine enemies,
"Bedford and Gloucester, regents of this realm,
To Heaven's high king ye are accountable
For all the blood that hath been shed. Restore
The keys of all the cities thou hast ta'en by force
In opposition to God's holy laws!
A maiden cometh from the King of Heaven
And offers you or peace or bloody war,
Choose ye, for Orleans will not be surrendered—

I'll lead my king triumphant into Rheims,
And France will lay submissive at his feet!
So I have spoken, Joan the Maid, hath spoken!"

The wall is scaled and we are in the camp—
Now fling aside the mantle of still night,
And your dread presence to the foe proclaim
By your loud battle-cry—God and the Flag of
France!

Who's here? Prepare to die. Ye beg me mercy?
Name me not woman, speak not of my sex,
Like to the bodiless spirits who know naught
Of earth's humanities, I own no sex.
Beneath this vest of steel there beats no heart.
How many mothers of this land your arms
Have rendered childless and disconsolate;
How many gentle children fatherless;
How many fair young brides dejected widows;
How many virgins fouled with cross of shame?
Now, by those starving orphans and those virgins,
By all French mothers heart-sick, bent with woe,
I come to 'venge the wrongs of womankind—
Now shall *thy* mother learn of me despair,
And learn to weep the bitter tear, oft shed
By the bereaved and sorrowing wives of France.

Ring—ring—ring—ring!	(<i>Bell tones,</i>
Triumphant ring the hours,	<i>rapid, joy-</i>
Ring—madly ring,	<i>ous, loud!)</i>
The victory is ours!	

Who called ye over to this foreign land,
To waste the blooming culture of our fields,
To chase the peasant from his household hearth,
And in our cities' peaceful sanctuary
To hurl the direful thunderbolt of war?
Ye thought to plunge in servitude the French—
Ye fools! the flag of France is hung
Fast by the throne of God. And I, the maid,
By Heaven appointed, I achieve thy ruin,
By Heaven appointed, I fulfill my doom.

Now thine fulfill, arise, resume thy sword,
And let us fight for the sweet prize of life.
He slips—he falls—'tis over—fare thee well.
The English tents are level with the ground,
And all the field is covered with their slain.
To God the victory, France again doth rise,
A renovated phoenix from its ashes—
My country's bleeding wounds will heal again,
The villages, the desolated towns,
Rise in new splendor from their ruined heaps.

Ring—ring—ring—ring!	(<i>Bell tones</i>
Now joyous ring and gay,	<i>of joy and</i>
Ring—vive la France!	<i>triumph.)</i>
Victoire! La France sauvée!	

Hark to that sound—the war march of my people,
And I ride with them clad in silver mail,
From head to heel, upon a snow white horse,
And we are marching to the trumpet's blare,

Marching triumphant midst a roar of bells,
And France is saved, and Charles the King is
crowned.

Dong—dong—again the funeral knell,
And I'm alone, afraid, and bound in chains.
The trumpet sounds, my king fares forth to war,
But I am bound and cannot lead my men.
Up, valiant countrymen, victory for France!
Death to the foe! Allons, for I am near,
But cannot, as of yore, before you bear
My banner, I am ta'en and bound in chains.
But freely from this dungeon soars my soul
Upon the pinions of your battle song.
What do I see, the French, my France, in flight?
My army in a rout, they beat us back—
My God, Thou wilt not thus abandon me?
Look yonder who that azure mantle wears
Bordered with gold! 'Tis he, 'tis Charles the
King,
His horse is restive—plunges—rears and falls—
He struggles hard to extricate himself—
The foe is pressing on in full career—
They near him—reach him—they surround him
now—
Oh, have the Heavens above no angels more?

Hear me, O God, in my extremity,
Up to Thy throne above I send my soul.

Easy it is in Thine omnipotence
To change these fetters into spiders' webs—
Command it and these massive chains shall fall,
And these thick walls be rent. Thou, Lord, of
old

Did strengthen Samson, O, be with me now,
To Thee I cry, out of the depths I cry,
O God, be with me now, my end is nigh.

Dong—dong—dong—dong! (*A requiem.*)
My hour is here, and then
Death—endeth all,
World without end, amen!

A year of blackness in a dungeon cell,
The slow sharp probings of the Inquisition.
Who's there? I am no witch, kind sir, a maid,
I'm but a maid, a peasant child of Dom Remi.
What have I done? Where are you taking me?
The fagots and the stake in Rouen Square,
The bishop comes with sanctimonious tread,
The people clamor for a maiden's death,
Dong—dong—the bells toll requiem!
They'd burn me at the stake—and I'm afraid,
afraid!

What's that? Methinks I hear a mystic voice,
I stand again beneath the oak and see—
Saint Michael and Saint Catherine come to me—
Again I hear their voices—I am saved.

What, ho! ye come to lead me forth to death,
Lead on, for France is saved and Charles is King,
And who hath wrought this thing but God and
Joan?
To Him the glory and His will be done!
Lead on, I come, the bonfire in the square
Is naught to me, my voices with me stay,
Vive la France! Victoire! La France sauvée!

NOTES

1. The rhymed portions of this monologue are supposed to imitate the bells tolling for Joan's execution.
2. If scenery is available use a boxed prison set with Joan seated on a stool beside a pallet of straw. Several impersonators have used a large three-ply screen covered with paper painted to represent stone walls. A powerful spot light shines on Joan, and the rest of the stage is in darkness.
3. Joan may wear a loose flowing white robe with her hair hanging and her wrists bound with hanging chains. Maybelle Morrison of Chicago, Illinois, costumes the rôle with dark skirt, ankle length, white waist and dark bodice roughly laced.

4. Music. Use "Dead March from Saul" for first part of the monologue, ending music on lines, "Nay, I'm but dreaming."

Use "Marseillaise" beginning on line "The English tents are level with the ground" and continuing until "Dong—dong, again the funeral knell."

For the last two stanzas play soft, sad music.



MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SON JOHN

A VALENTINE STORY FOR THE KIDDIES

(MOTHER GOOSE *is hidden from the audience as she speaks the first part of the monologue.*)

Quiet, children, quiet,
A visitor is coming;
She rides her goose
Right through the air—
Humming, humming, humming!

Goosie, goosie, gander,
Whither shall we wander?
Up the stairs and down the stairs,
And right here in this chamber.

Whoa, there, gander!
Whoa, there, goose!
Don't begin to make a fuss,
It isn't any use.
Hitch 'em to the chimney-top,
Then they won't get loose—
Whoa, there, gander!
Whoa, there, goose!

(MOTHER GOOSE *enters carrying several valentines and a large toy goose.*)

Good-evening to you, little boys,

Good-evening, little girls,

Good-evening, eyes and nose and mouth,

And pompadour and curls.

Boys and girls, come on and play,

Now we'll have a holiday.

To introduce me is no use,

Of course you know I'm Mother Goose.

I live in the town at the top of the hill,

Beside the big river, across from the mill;

And who do you think are my neighbors?

Why, Old King Cole, the merry old soul,

And Jack and Jill who fell down the hill,

Little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet,

Though a tuffet I never did see,

And old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard,

She lives right across from me.

Then there's little Bo Peep who lost her sheep,

And thin Jack Spratt who wouldn't eat fat,

And Humpty Dumpty who sat on the wall,

And Jack-be-nimble who saw him fall,

And Doctor Foster who gave him a pill,

He lives in a house at the foot of the hill.

So you can see how happy we be,
With the ~~Three Wise Men~~ who went to sea.
Of course there are many, many more,
Well known to you, over a score,
A score, my dears, means twenty.
There's the Maid in the Garden who hanged
out the clothes,
And the saucy snip Blackbird who nipped off
her nose,
I've neighbors and neighbors a-plenty.

(Sits at front of platform.)

I am just a little tired,
I've been riding through the air,
So I think I'll rest a while
On this little wooden chair.

And this is my gander
His name it is Mack,
See, he's bowing his head,
And saying Quack, quack!

For old Mother Goose,
When she wants to wander,
Just rides through the air
On the back of this gander.

all mullie
winter who
can change
are you children in
your beds, for now it's 9 o'clock

His first name is Mack,
And his last name is Green,
And he speeds through the air
Like a flying-machine.

Now, Mack, you sit here,
Turn your toes out and grin;
No one but a pigeon
Ever turns his toes *in*!

Now, children, I'm sure if you'll listen a while,
I'll tell you a tale, it may make you smile,
It's a tale about dumpling, my son John,
Who went to bed with his stockings on.
But for all of that he's a smart looking lad,
And he's not very good and not very bad.

Now Johnny was out in the schoolyard one day,
The lessons were over, 'twas time for play.
I'm jolly myself, and think playtime a joy,
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
John liked all his playmates, the big and the
small,
But John liked Bo Peep the *bestest* of all!

(*Extend left forefinger, "sharpen" it with right forefinger, as if shaming JOHN. Sing to the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell."*)

Johnny's got a girl,
Johnny's got a girl,
Hi-ho, the dairy, oh,
Johnny's got a girl!

Along came Tom Tucker, so bonny and gay,
And he said, " To-morrow's St. Valentine's Day!
Then each girl said Ah! and each boy said Oh!
For they wondered who would get one, you know.
For every one loves a nice valentine,
With cupids and arrows and red hearts so fine.

Jack-be-nimble Jack-be-quick
For a valentine traded his candlestick;
Humpty Dumpty bought a big red heart
For Little Miss Muffet who gave quite a start.
And Little Boy Blue and each of the rest
Had a fine lacey valentine under his vest.

(Read from a real valentine.)

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Sugar is sweet
And so are you.
If to me
Your thoughts incline,
Let me be
Your valentine.

Jack Spratt, King Cole and the fiddlers three,
Each bought a valentine, as fine as could be;
And even Peter, the Pumpkin Eater,
Thought of his wife, and said he'd treat her—
And my son John, he felt immense,
For in his pocket was fifteen cents!

He went to the store where they keep valentines,
And candy and catch'ems for little boys' dimes,
And outside the window he flattened his nose—
Would he get that pink silk one, or the one with
a rose,
Or the white one all tied with a true lover's knot,
Or the blue satin scroll saying Forget-me-not!

When this you see remember me,
Though far away I am from thee.
I sign my name with many a blot,
But, dearest maid, forget me not!

And just as he was thinking of the little rhymes
he wrote,
Along came Tommy Green with something 'neath
his coat—
Guess what? A pig? a rooster? No, not at all
like that,
It was the dearest, sweetest, cutest, little pussy cat.
And Tommy Green, the naughty boy, would throw
her in the well,
So every bell throughout the town would Ding!
Dong! Dell!

Ding, dong, dell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.

What a naughty boy was that
To try and drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But caught the mice in grandpa's barn.

My boy John then said it was a shame
To drown poor pussy, so gentle and so tame,
He said, "Give her to me and I will treat her nice,
And take her home and let her catch a dozen little
mice."

But Tommy Green just laughed at him and on his
way he went,
But Boy John bought that pussy cat, it cost him
every cent.

Alas, alack,
Now your money's gone,
What're you going to do now,
My boy John?

Then John came running to me, on his cheek there
was a tear,
"I can't give any valentine to my Bo Peep this year,
She'll think that I am stingy, she won't like me
any more,
She'll think that I bought candy at the Piggly
Wiggly store."
Then I put my arms around him and I told him
'twould be fine,
If he'd give her the kitty as a living valentine.

Hey, deedle dibbin,
A cat and a ribbon
Makes some one a sweet valentine,
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
But Bo Peep said it was fine.

The sun rose up early on Valentine's Day,
The girls were all giggling, the boys were all gay,
Each heart was made happy, and no one got mad—
Even Cross Patch and Contrary Mary were glad;
And little Bo Peep got her kitten so fine,
And every one said, "'Twas the best valentine!"

My story is done,
And I'm done, too—
If you didn't like it,
I'm sorry for you.

My goose is asleep,
Come, wake up, old Mack,
Say good-bye to the children—
Quack, quack, quack!

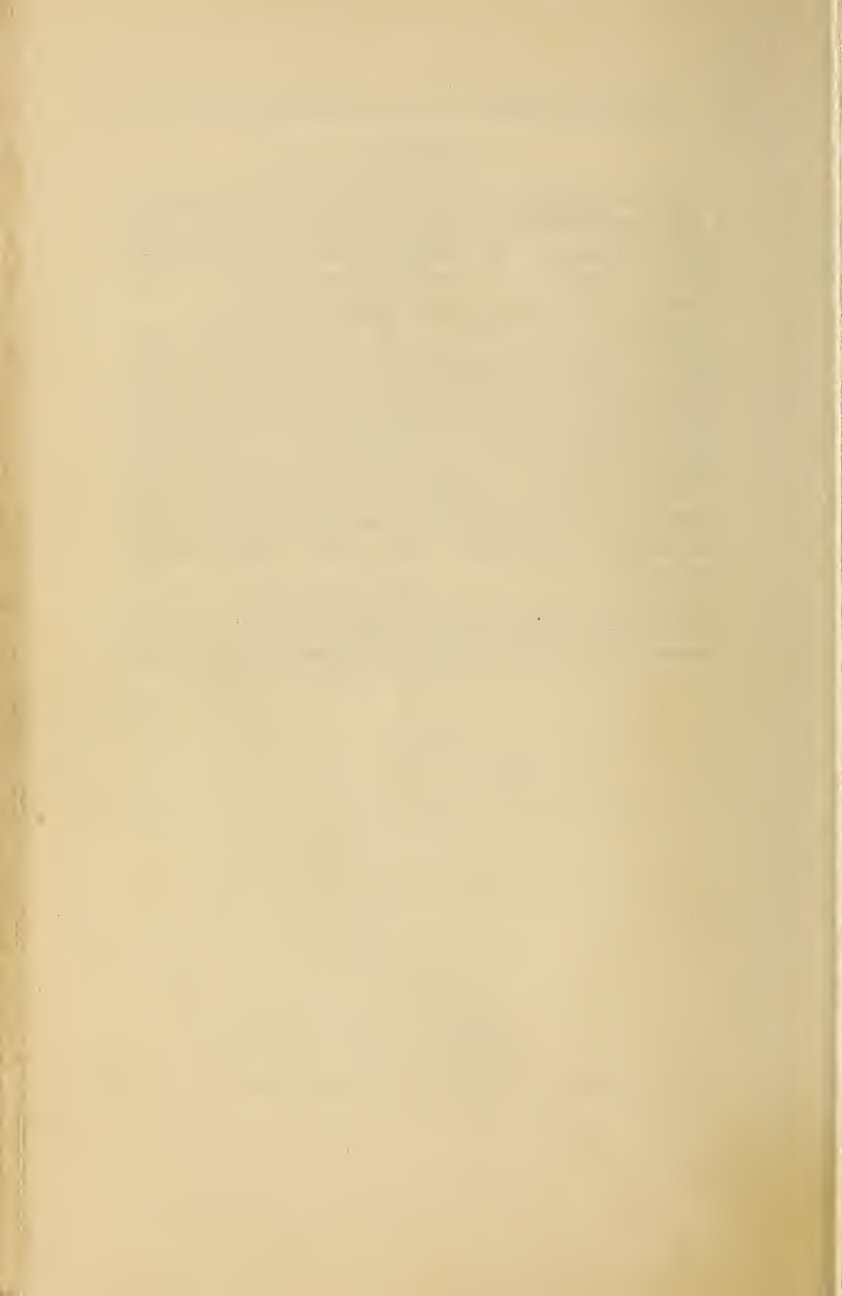
And now we must fly
Ere the break of the day,
Over the hills
And far away.
I'll jump on his back,
And I'll hold on so tight;
So, good-night, children,
Good-night, good-night! (*She goes out.*)

NOTES

This monologue may serve as a good medium for a shadow pantomime play, or for a Mother Goose party or pageant. It has been successfully given by primary teachers for their schools and is very popular with "Story Hour" entertainers.

Mother Goose wears a red quilted skirt, ankle length, pointed waist and panniers of flowered material, the panniers puffed out with paper, a white lace kerchief crossed on breast, low black shoes with tinfoil-covered buckles, a large white ruffled mob-cap surmounted by a tall conical Welsh hat made of black paper. Wrinkle the face with grease-paint or a very soft lead pencil, darken the eyebrows with same and wear large, old-fashioned spectacles.

If desired, paper caps may be given the children for souvenirs and they may each assume a Mother Goose character and repeat the appropriate rhymes.



ANTIGONE

(ANTIGONE, a Grecian maiden, is discovered seated on an antique stool, her hands clasped, her attitude indicating deepest woe.)

Alas, he's dead, my brother Polynices!
And I shall never hear his voice again,
Nor look into his eyes, nor hear his kindly words—
Here let me mourn and fast for seven days,
Alone with naught save memories of my dead.
Who's there? Who dares intrude upon my
privacy? (*Starts up.*)
A message from the king? Come, I'll attend.
What says the cruel king who slew my brother?
Your message, quick! Then go and leave me
with my grief.

(*The words in quotation marks are to be read from an imaginary scroll.*)

"The royal proclamation hath gone forth
That Polynices, of the royal blood ——"
My brother, he that now lies cold in death—
"Shall lie unburied, rotting in the sun,
Food for the carrion birds, the evil beasts!"

O bitter words! O cruelty unheard of!
 "And whosoever breaketh this decree
 And pays the last sad honors to the dead
 Shall suffer death by stoning!"
 Get thee gone,
 And tell the king Antigone hath heard.
 Will I obey?

I waste no words with thee! Begone!

A royal proclamation 'tis indeed,
 And well it speaks its author cruel Creon.
 My cup of woe already brimful stood
 At Polynices' murder. Ah, my brother,
 I seem to see thee yet, stalwart and brave,
 My shield and prop in every girlish trouble,
 Companion, teacher, best of friends, and—brother!
 'Tis over—he is dead—and Creon's word
 Forbids the decent rites of burial!
 My cup of woe o'erflows.

By all the gods,
 I'll fling defiance in this Creon's teeth!
 Antigone, the maiden royally born,
 Will risk the king's displeasure, risk her life—
 And go to give her brother burial. I'll go alone.

* * * * *

At first I went by night all silently,
 Stilled was my heart, I dared not voice my
 grief—
 Alone, in dead of night, I carried dust,

Water and ashes and covered my dear dead.
Alone I kept the vigil, carrion beast and bird
Dared not approach—thus I defied the king.

But in the day the soldiers came again
And I was frightened and I went away
And hid among the shambles of the agora.
But when I saw them jeer and mock the gods,
And scatter all the dust from my dear dead,
Exposing him to noon-tide's piercing rays,
My temper broke, I called on Zeus for aid,
And as a tiger-mother, robbed of whelps,
I stood and faced them all, soldiers and slaves,
And once again performed the funeral rites,
And broke the law and set thy word at naught !

Aye, well I knew thy mandate had gone forth,
But no such laws were ever made by Zeus—
The gods have issued holier laws than thine,
And this is one, Honor then thy dead
With decent burial. I have obeyed.
You prate to me of laws, of man-made laws,
I answer with the mandates of the gods.
Should I, for fear of thee, dare disobey
The gods who are not of to-day nor yet
Of yesterday? Forever do they live,
Forever and forever till the end.

That I should die I knew. Why not?
All men must die, I'll go with smiling face,

And if I die before my time, what loss?
My life is one long sorrow, let me go
And join my dead. I count it gain to die.
Creon, bring on thy stones and slay me here!
'Twere no great loss, my heart is broken in
twain—

But had I left my mother's son unburied,
Ah, that were loss indeed!

Now do your worst, for here I do defy thee,
Crafty and cruel Creon, hear my words—
Know then that all the city mourneth with me,
And if I die, beware my city's vengeance.
For every man within the city's gates
Will lift his voice on high against thy crime—
The very gods will hear my people's cry,
And Zeus let fly his thunderbolts of rage!
Beware, beware, O king, the wrath o' the gods!
What have I done? Buried my brother's corse.
If that be crime, then I am criminal,
If that be crime, Antigone will die.

You do commute my sentence? Thou hast
spoken—

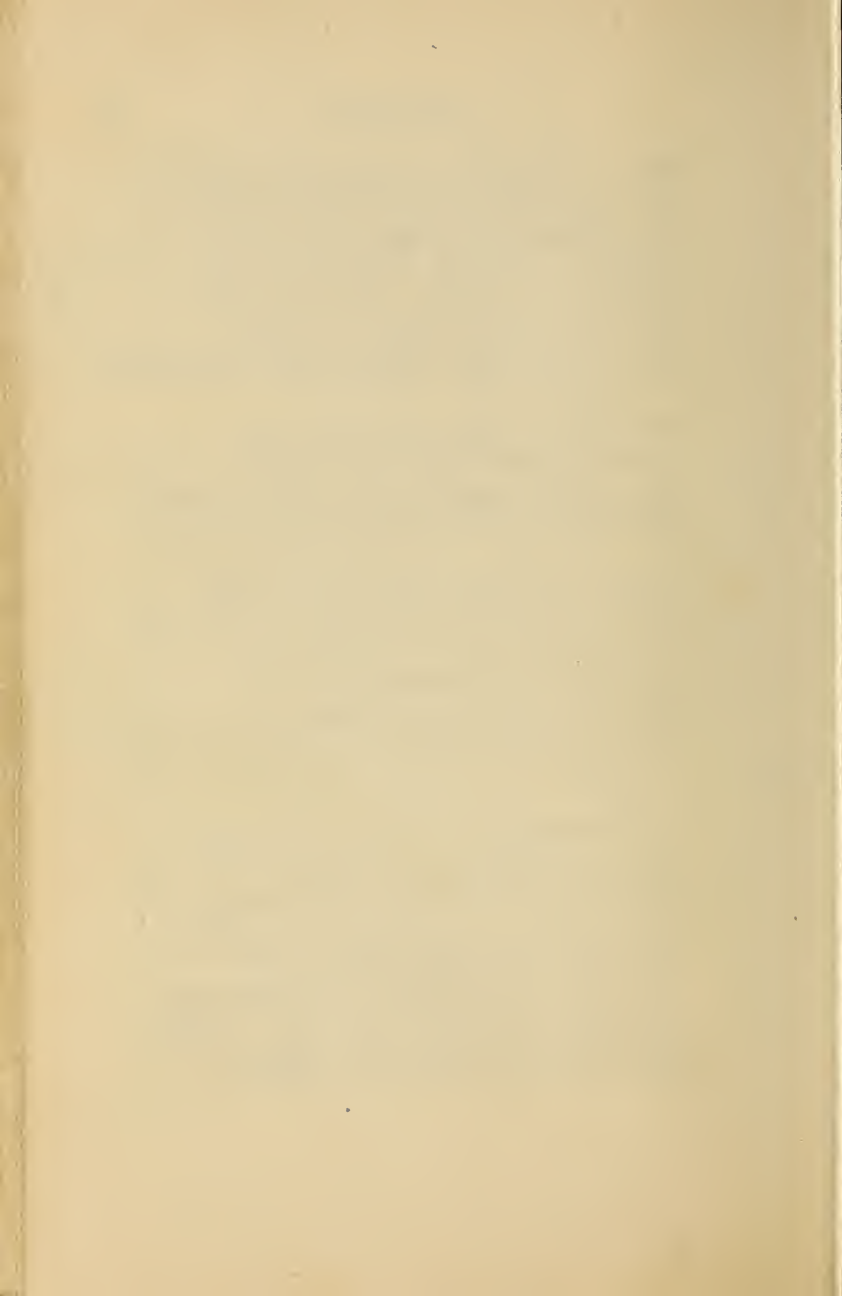
You'd shut me up within some lonely sepulchre,
A living maiden 'prisoned with the dead?
Perchance you'd give me food a little while
Thinking to expiate your guilt, you'd give me food,
And try to shield yourself from your black crime.

Not so, O king, hark to my parting words,
The voice of prophecy now rises to my lips—
This day shall pass, another and another,
Then thou shalt pay and expiate thy guilt.
And thou'lt pay dearly, even life for life,
For on that day thine only son shall die.
Ah, now you shake with fear, your cheeks grow
white!

Thou keepest cruelty within thy heart
Refusing decent burial to my dead!
Thou keepest vengeance, too, within thy heart,
And drag me forth to starve within a tomb—

Therefore the Furies lie in wait for thee,
And from thine house will come the bitter cry
Of desolation when thy son lies dead!
And in thy city thunderbolts of war,
This is my curse, by all the gods,
Your crime shall strike you blind and dumb with
grief!

Yes, bid thy soldiers drag me to the tomb,
Take me away, but thy stern heart shall break,
Even as mine hath broken, and thy head,
E'en though it wear a crown, be bowed in dust!
The citizens shall rise within thy gates
While thou art mourning for thine only son,
And fling thee from thy high estate! Away,
Take me away, Antigone hath spoken!



THE COWARD

A MUSICAL ENCORE

Bill Dawson was a coward. In boyhood days
He never joined the kids in their rough plays;
The boys all called him sissy and the girls
Said he should wear a pinafore and curls.
A Texas norther made him shake with fright,
A clap of thunder scared him half the night.

A circus came to Galveston one day
And all us country kids rode in, so gay—
It was the finest sight we'd ever seen.
Bill Dawson saw a lion and turned green,
It made him sick, he couldn't see the show,
But ran and hid—he was a coward, you know.

The years passed on, he married Lizzie Drake.
He nearly had a fit one day, a snake
Came in his yard, poor Bill had quite a shock,
But Lizzie up and killed it with a rock.
He sorter ambled on through life, you know.
Bill was a coward, and couldn't make things go.

But there are times when danger comes so near
That cowards turn heroes in the face of fear;

And when that awful flood rushed on the town,
And brave men trembled to see children drown,
Babes fled from mothers, husbands from their
wives,
Forgetting flesh and blood, fled for their lives!

But Bill the Coward looked on the awful scene,
Trembling and pale, his face an ashen green,—
He saw the tumbling waters rushing down—
He saw the ruined wreckage of the town—
Did he desert his family, wife and kid
And leave them there to die? You bet he did!

NOTES

Play a light pretty air, or chords, for the first three stanzas. For the last two stanzas play "hurry" music with bass chords and treble runs, working up to the climactic "And leave them there to die?"—which should be rendered loud and strong.

The last four words are given without music, facing the audience directly and speaking clear and loud.

THE HUMAN TONIC

(GRANDMA GROUT, *an old country lady, speaks in a high-pitched, mournful voice.*)

Wall, Amaretty, how are ye? I heard you was sick but I never dreamt that you'd look as bad as you do. I jest thought you was a-ailin' like the rest of us. I hadn't no idee you was so bad. Lawsy, lawsy, ain't it a good thing I dropped in? Kin you hold yer head up at all? Who's doctorin' you?

The *young* doctor? Why, Amaretty Quackenbiler, I ain't surprised at you bein' so low. I wouldn't have no doctor at all, 'less'n I could git old Doc Summers. Oh, of course there's them that don't like him, but if they want to go ahead and take chances, well they can't say I didn't give 'em fair warnin'. I ain't feelin' right peert myself. Medicine don't seem to git a grip on me no more. I've tried every patent medicine Hiram Codliver's got in his store, and yet I keep right on a-ailin'. Sometimes I mix two er three together, but even that don't seem to grip me.

My one stand-by is Migginses Stomach Balm. I got it off'n a peddler man who came round last

winter, and it'll cure every mortal ailment in the human cistern. It's powerful fer fits. Of course I ain't never had no fits, but then there's no tellin' how soon I might git 'em. I brung you over a bottle and I'll gladly give you a dose right now if you feel the least way fitty.

No, I know you ain't got the fits. Of course not. But this Migginses Stomach Balm'll jest cure anything. Fer your innards er fer rubbin' on outside I never seen nothin' like it. It sure is powerful. It jest seems to git a good grip on you inside and you feel it clean down to your toes. The circular says it's good fer hosses and poultry, too. And it makes a lovely furniture polish, I know. And anything that'll put sich a nice gloss on furniture ought to gloss you all up inside jest lovely.

Must be a good medicine, too, fer the dose ain't but three drops. I give about two teaspoonsful to a hawg that was ailin', but I couldn't save her. She was dead in less'n three minutes. Mebbe I give her too much. But I got right smart left. It's to be took afore eatin' and after eatin', and afore sleepin' and after sleepin', and oncet in a while in between times. Now if you want'er try some you're heartily welcome. You dunno what it might cure you of, er keep you from havin'.

You don't reckon you want to try it? Wall, every one to their own taste as the widder said when she kissed the cow. But, Amaretty, I'm tellin' you, and I'm tellin' you truthful, it's a good grippy medi-

cine. When I take medicine I want to know that I've took sump'm. This here mouthful of water and a pinch o' sugar ain't goin' to cure nobody. You might jist as well try absent treatment. I want sump'm that I kin feel shootin' right through me the minnit I swaller.

My, my, you look awful yaller in the face. Joshuway's sister looked jest like that a few days afore she crossed over Jerden. But you might pull through yit. I seen a all-over black rooster on my way down here, though, and every one knows that's a sure sign of death. But I don't want to discourage you. I jest want to cheer you up a little. Folks all says I'm sich a good cheerer-up. "Better'n a tonic," says Joshuway, "Grandma Grout, you're better'n a tonic any day fer cheerin' up the down-cast and sad-hearted."

Wigginses folks is entertainin' the measels this week and the blacksmith's wife is purty low. Physic don't seem to take no holt on her. No holt at all. Blacksmith 'lows if she lives till the change of the moon she might git well, but ef not, he ain't got much hope of her ever bein' any better. She's got two buckles of the lungs. They orter try slippery ellow peeled in the dark of the moon, but they won't listen to me.

This is a sad and sorrerful world, Amaretty, and plum chuck full of misery and sin, not to mention the ailments and miseries that all flesh is hair to. They got the chicken-pox over to Sandy Holler and

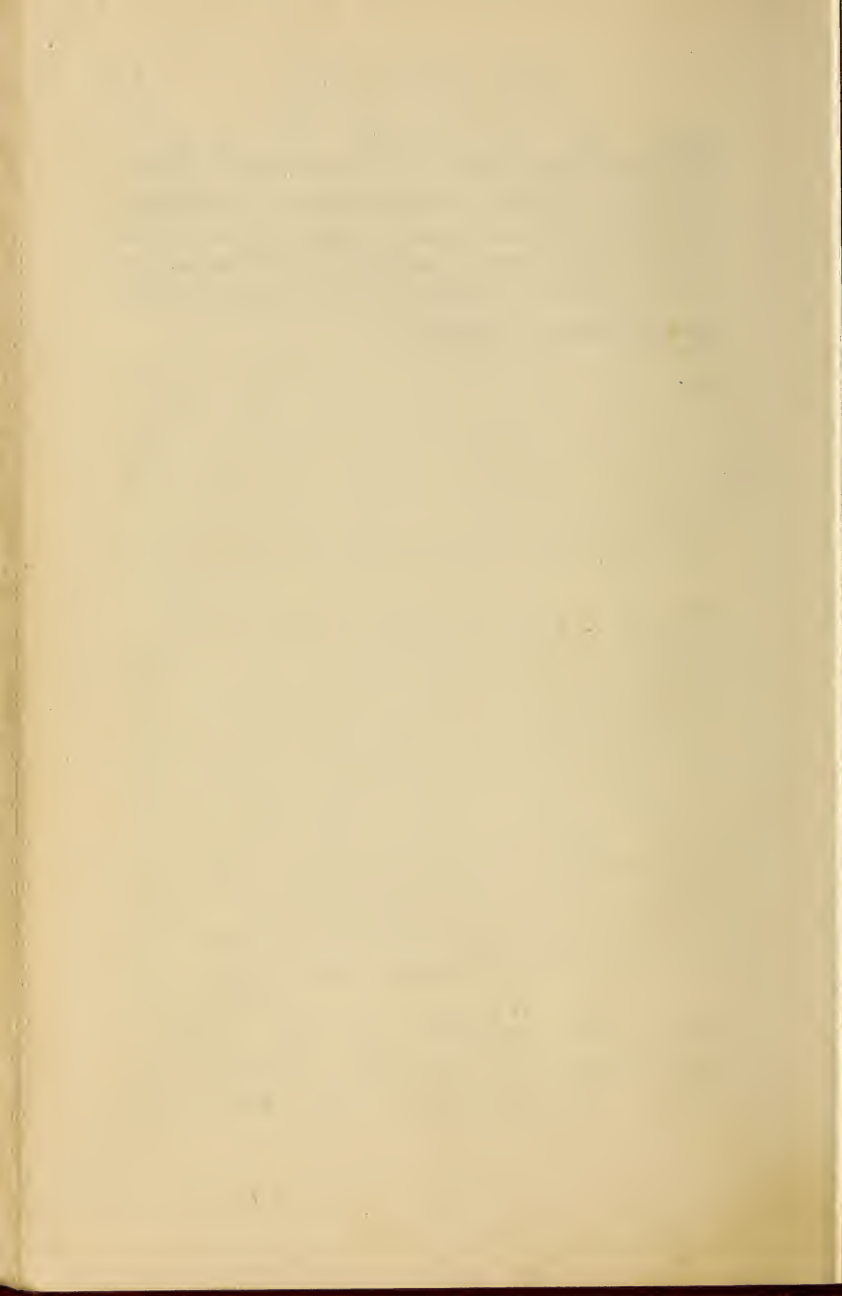
Doshy Doolittle's twins is both down with the ganders. Did you ever stop to think of it, Amaretty, folks is a-dyin' every day. Oh, it do make me feel so melancholy. But there, I mustn't talk thataway, I come to cheer you up and cheer you up I will.

Liza Ann Wilkerson had a awful accident happen her last Saturday. Cow kicked her. They dunno whether she'll recover er not. Pore thing! She's got sich purty curls and a real nice complexion. She'd be a lovely remains, wouldn't she? Yes, the cow kicked her. Where? I dunno. Yes, seems to me I did hear, too. I believe it was some'ers between the corn patch and the front balcony, but I ain't sure.

Did you hear the scandal down at Eph Shinsbone's? Oh, it's awful, puffedly awful—and them church professors, too. Both of 'em. Oh, they had a awful time. Eph was scalded in the fracas. She put' nigh scalded all the hair off'n his head fer fault-finder with her food-vittles. Ain't that scandalous? This world is a vale of tears, Amaretty, a reg'lar vale of tears, as the prophet says. I expect to go into town next Saturday, eff I ain't dead er sump'm ain't happened. You never kin tell. We're worms of the dust, all of us, worms of the dust. Here to-day and gone to-morrer, as it says in Scriptures.

Well, I must go. Amaretty, you're a-lookin' better already. I knowed it, I knowed my droppin' in 'ud cheer you up. It allers does. "Human

Tonic," that's what Joshuway calls me, and I reckon Joshuway knows, fer I've been his partner fer better and fer worse fer nigh onto fifty years. If anything happens, Amaretty, you tell 'em to send fer me. And if the worst comes to the worst, I'll wear my black bombazine at the funeral, if it's hotter'n blazes. Good-bye.



A POOR OLD MAID

A PROTEAN MONOLOGUE

(MISS LUCINDA TOOTS *has a wrinkled face, cork-screw curls and nose glasses. She wears a gaudy old-fashioned dress trimmed with red and green ribbons and white lace. Black lace mitts, a large flower-garden hat and a huge hand-bag complete the costume.*)

When I was a young and foolish girl
Papaw had lots of money,
And I had beaux who flocked around
As thick as bees for honey.
An English nobleman came first,
With an eye-glass in one eye—
He sighed and groaned, you'd think the man
Was just about to die.

(*Imitate an English swell, open mouth, languid manner, etc.*)

Aw, ah, my deah Miss Lucinda, bah Jove, I'm glad to see you this morning. Looking awfully fit, you are. Perfectly ripping you are, bah Jove. I'd like to take you for a little spin in my English motor, what! I'll make all the other Johnnies jealous with you by my side, I will, bah Jove! Do you think

that you could learn to love a perfectly devoted Englishman? You do? Bah Jove, you make me the happiest of men. You do, really. (*Calmly.*) I'm on fire, don't you know. Positively excited.

I told him I would be his bride,
Along came Julia Burr,
Her father was a millionaire—
My lord eloped with her.
My next, a slim young poet,
From sunny Italy,
Begged me to be his bonny bride
And fly across the sea.

(Imitate an Italian; draw up the face, stoop over and speak with many gestures, etc.)

Ah, Mees-a Lucinda, venever I take-a de good look at-a you eet make-a my heart jump pitty-pat, pitty-pat, so loud you no can-a hear the clock. You be my leetla bride and fly away weeth me to sunny Italy, we spend-a de mon just like-a da sand and all-a day live on roses, sunshine and keeses. Ah, come-a with me, Mees-a Lucinda, fly weeth me like-a da bird, fly like-a da eagle, like-a da chicken, like-a da mosquito, only fly and make-a me one verra, verra happy man.

At last I told him I would fly,
But e'er the wedding came
The police arrested him for debt—
It was a burning shame.

To cure my broken heart they sent
Me to a western state,
And there I met a cowboy bold,
Who wished to share my fate.

(Imitate a cowboy, shoulders thrown back, walk with a swagger, speak loudly and with a deep voice.)

Whoa, thar, gal, whoa! It's Buckskin Pete a-speakin' to you, and when old Buckskin Pete speaks all the birds of the air stop to listen, the ki-otes start to run and the eagle soars aloft. I ain't got no city manners, gal, but I got a heart wot's good and true and I don't mind tellin' you that you've got me so as I'll eat grass outer your hand. You got me corralled and roped and flung to m' knees, gal—and that's a-goin' some. If you'll jest say the word I'll haul you on behind my pony and we'll gallop over the burnin' prairies to some sky-pilot and you and me'll hit the honeymoon trail. Speak up, gal, are you game? *(Pause.)* You air? Then, slip her there, kid, slip her there!

The wedding day was set, alas,
I bought my wedding clothes,
But one day riding on the range
He fell and broke his nose!

It spoiled his beauty. I returned
Back to the east again,
Met Tony Lee from New Orleans,
The handsomest of men.

(Imitate the southern drawl.)

Miss Lucinda, honey, if you'll consent to marry me you certainly will make me the happiest of men. We-all down in New Orleans generally reckon ouah ladies to be the most wonderful ladies in all the world, but you certainly have made a great impression on me, Miss Lucinda, and I reckon they cain't blame me for my choice. Of course, I'm not thinkin' of youah money, honey, we could live on love down in New Orleans, but I reckon it'll come in mighty handy.

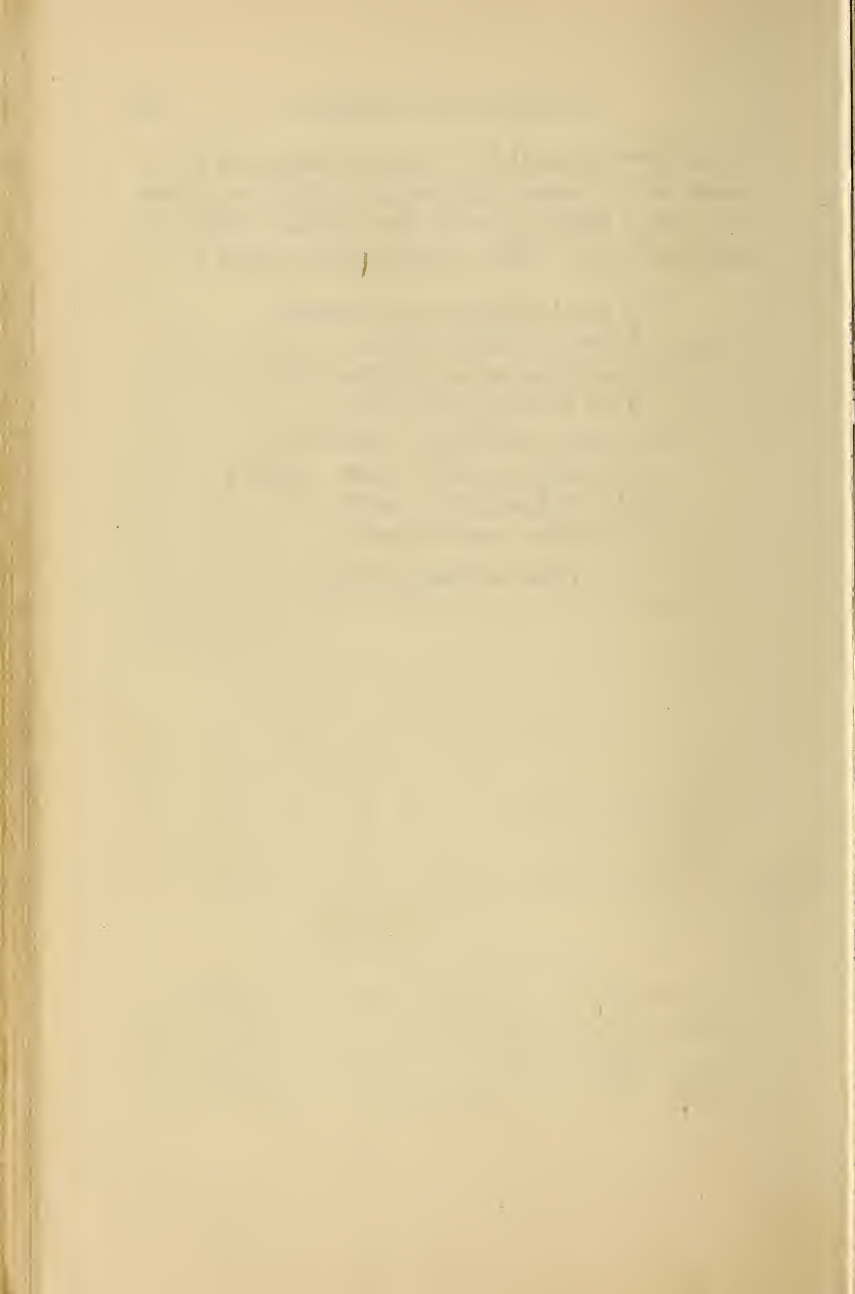
Alas, alas, a cruel fate
Parted my love from me—
My father said he'd cut me off,
And Tony went to sea.
The next was banker William Wade,
A man of fifty-two,
He said if I would be his bride
He'd evermore be true.

(Imitate large, fat old man.)

Lucindy, gal, I don't offer you no boy's love—
(kneel on one knee with great difficulty, first carefully putting handkerchief on floor), I offer you a man's devotion. I've had experience with women,

havin' been married three times already, and I jest know how to make a gal happy. I pick my wives just like I pick my cattle, fer workin' ability instead of looks. Will you have me? (*Rises.*)

One day I asked to see his home,
It was a foolish whim—
I found that he had thirteen sons,
That was the last of him.
But there were others, five or six,
They left me in the shade (*Sobs.*)
And here I am at forty-two,
A hopeless, poor old maid!
(*Exit sobbing loudly.*)



THE COLLEGE WAITRESS

(MISS BEE-TRICE MAGINNIS, *dressed in the latest style, my goodness, yes! and wonderfully coiffed, speaks:*)

Say, was you Willie-boys a-whistlin' at me? Fer Heaving's sakes, things has come to a pretty pass when a perfect lady can't stroll across the college campus without having certain remarks slung at her by a bunch of squirrel-food like youse. (*Pauses.*) Oh, you wasn't? Very well, then, I accept your apology, but don't let it happen again. (*Walks a few steps to L., turns angrily and comes to c. again.*)

Say, was you addressin' them few pert remarks to me, young man? If you was I'll thank you to git the honor of a introduction before presuming to address a perfect lady. I don't like your looks no-how. Oh, I ain't referrin' to your last season's tan shoes, and far be it from me to git rude about your up-country headgear, what I'm referring to is your unpoliteness in not knowing a perfect lady when you see her. It's a pity some of you college cut-ups don't remain at home and help father gather in the hay, instead of messing up the college campus with your presence.

Oh, is that so? (*Turning to another tormentor.*) Say, don't you git so familiar with my front name. I might work fer a living as some of youse knows, by assisting at the college boarding-house, but that don't give none of you hot-air artists the right to address me by my maiden name when I'm off duty. And my name ain't Flossie, so there! It's Beetrice, and I'm a perfect lady even if I do have to wait on table in a college boarding-house.

My paw was an auctioneer and I come from one of the very first families in Simson Center. I might be in reduced circumstances at present, owin' to the tidal wave of adversity, but who kin tell what the future might bring forth? I've had my palm read by a forchun-teller and some day you might be proud that I ever deigned to hand you oatmeal and cabbage and prunes and cetry.

Oh, is that so? (*Turning to L.*) What you say? (*Pauses.*) Well, I don't know what your name is, Little Cutie Cut-up, but I preesume it is Mountain Air, 'cause you're so fresh. (*Pauses.*) Now don't hand me none of that line of advertising. I'd have you know that I ain't in the market and I've got a steady company already. You ain't the first fresh student I've met. Heavings, no! I've lived in a college town goin' on three years now, and whenever one of you funny boys spring anything on me I laugh. (*Sadly.*) Ha, ha, ha! just like an undertaker.

Oh, listen at little Brighteyes talk. (*Speaks to-*

ward R.) Clever kid, ain't he? If you could 'a' sprung some of that dope on the faculty maybe they'd 'a' let you graduate the year before last when your class did. Oh, I got your number all nickel-plated right in the front of my limousine. You're wise in everything but the upper story. Just because you play football and pose as a college hero you think you kin hand me a line of bunk. Sure, I know the papers said you was the candy athletic kid, but it was nut candy. All bone and muscle, eh? The bone part's all right. You are. From the neck up. (*Pauses.*) Oh, is that so? Maybe when you've paid us your last year's board bill and the eighty dollars you owe the laundry you'll have some right to give fatherly advice to the love-lorn. Until then you'd better make a noise like a dumb-waiter and ooze along on your way.

Oh, you're going? All of you? You boys is all right personally, but your brains need a undertaker and your come-backs sound like the Orpheum Circuit. Oh, look who's just come out of the library! The college queen! Huh! (*This is a sniff of supreme disdain.*) And look at 'em flock to her, like the freshmen to their first class meetin'. Huh! What they kin see in her beats me. She ain't got a brain in her head, and *clothes!* Every time that girl goes out she says to her clothes, "Well, I'm goin' down town, you kin come along if you want!" Ginerally they don't want to. If I didn't have no more style than her I'd be a sorority chaperone fer

the rest of my life. Her face would stop a eight-day clock and set it a-goin' backwards. And her figger! *Lean!* Honest, sometimes I think the more education a girl has the battier it makes her.

I might only be a poor working-girl, a human slave passing prunes and codfish in a college boardin' house, humiliated and trod in the dust by a bunch of ingrowing walruses who don't know a real lady when they see one,—I might be all that, but thank Heavings, I ain't no co-ed.

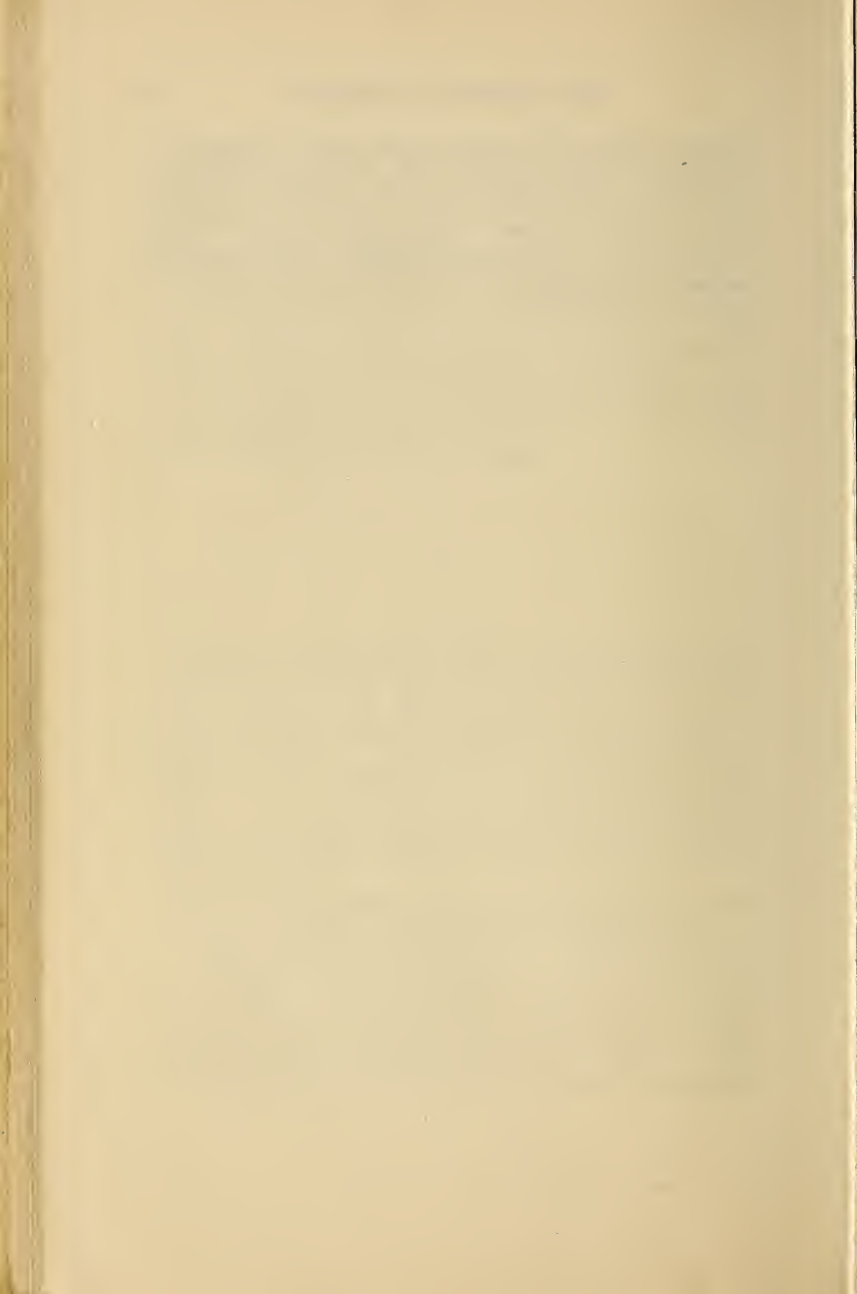
NOTES

Janice O'Neill, who has given this monologue for several seasons over the best vaudeville circuits, costumes the part in a plaid gingham dress cut in extravagant style, fancy black and white shoes, an exaggerated red hand-bag, a white fur boa, bright green hat, and Five and Ten Cent Store jewelry galore. The hair is dressed extravagantly and she gives a pantomimic representation of gum-chewing now and then.

If the monologue is given without character costume the following introduction should be used:

"Miss Bee-trice Maginnis is a somewhat heavy-footed little fairy who serves the oatmeal and prunes at a college boarding-house. She is crossing the campus, just as innocent as a cooing dove, perfectly lady-like, and attending strictly to her own business of chewing gum, and reflecting on the freshness of

college students in general, when she is accosted by a group of undergraduates who whistle at her and make themselves otherwise obnoxious by making certain rude comments that a perfect lady can't stand, in spite of her natural dignity. She is goaded beyond human endurance, as the saying is, and turns on her tormentors."



HAGAR IN THE DESERT

(HAGAR wears an Oriental drapery of gray, with an over drapery of white. The gray drapery trails on the ground and the white is draped around the head and falls over the shoulders. She wears sandals. See illustrated Bibles.)

“Now Sarah saw the son of Hagar, the Egyptian, which she had borne unto Abraham. Wherefore she said unto her husband, Cast out this bondwoman and her son; for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac. And the thing was very grievous in Abraham’s sight because Ishmael was his son.

But the Lord said unto Abraham, Harken unto Sarah’s voice, for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. And of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the bondwoman, will I make a nation, because he is thy seed.”

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it to Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, saying :

Go, Hagar, I conjure thee, go !
Thy tears unnerve me to my harrowing soul !
Fain would I keep thee for our dear boy’s sake.
Yet thou must go,

Nor e'er again athwart the doorway of my tent
Must let thy shadow fall.

Now get thee hence, farewell, farewell!

O bitter words, farewell, farewell!

So I departed, wandered in the wilderness,

By day and night, wandered in Beer-sheba!

Then spake my son to me, my Ishmael,

And questioned me saying, "Whither shall we go?"

Ah, where indeed, my luckless boy,

Question the passionless stars above—

The sighing wind that kisses even now

Thy rosy cheeks and lips of innocence!

Ask of the desert waste, whose burning sands

Shall scorch thy tender feet e'er day be done!

Ask! but, alas, in vain, in vain!

No answer comes from far or near

To tell this aching mother-heart,

What fate shall bring to thee, my child,

Beloved of my inmost soul!

The desert stretches far before,

Within my trembling hand I hold

Water and bread, but one day's sustenance.

That gone! What's left for us but death?

To starve, to thirst in agony, to die!

To see thee die, heart of my heart,

Flesh of my flesh, my first-born son!

God of our fathers, hear my cry,

I cannot let him die!

How can a mother lead her child to death,
To death prolonged and torturing,
Amid the pitiless desert sands,
That know no mercy in their silences!
And yet I dare not, cannot, disobey
Because I am—a—*slave!*
God of my fathers, hear my cry,
I cannot let him die!

And now methinks I hear a voice,
An angel's voice, calling from out the sky:
"Hagar, Hagar, what aileth thee?
Fear not, for I am with thee, even I,
Thy father's God, the Lord of hosts;
I've heard thy cry, arise, lift up thy head,
And take thy boy, take Ishmael by the hand,
He is thy son, and of his seed
Make I a mighty nation, be comforted!"

And there before mine eyes I saw
A well of living water, cool and sweet.
I filled the bottle, and we drank our fill.
Now hope was in my breast, a living fire,
It guides me on to life and love eternal,
It was the Voice of God and I am saved!
Forward, my son, press onward to the west,
Onward to Paran, led by God on high,
Who trust in Him alone shall never die. (Exit.)

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AUNT URITTY OF THE HILLS

(AUNT URITTY, aged sixty, is a mountaineer from the backwoods of Arkansas. She wears rough shoes, a dark calico dress, an old shawl and a large sunbonnet. Wrinkle the face with brown grease paint, shade the brown lines on either side with lines of gray; draw gray lines around the eyes and wear large old-fashioned spectacles.)

Howdy, teacher, bein' as it was too wet fur cotton-plantin', we-uns reckoned we'd jest drap in to see how the school was gittin' along. This yere's my son and he's one of the School Directors. This yere's my darter's husband, and he's another. I'm the third and together we constitutes the hull board of directors fer this deestric'.

I'm plum interested in iddication, teacher; I used to hanker right smart to be a school-marm myself when I was young and s pry-like, but I met up with old Jeff Suggs, and the loon kinder pestered 'round till I ups and marries him and wint back on my iddication. The Suggses war never much took up with book larnin'. I reckon a-b, ab is jist about as fur as they ever got. And I kin sign my own name with a pencil, ef I'm given time enough. My son yere and my darter's husban' there, they'd never leave

their craps long enough to see how the school was comin' on, less'n I yanked 'em to it. I take a interest in sech things. Ef I didn't, you kin bet yer socks there wouldn't be no school yere on Old Gal Mountain. I 'lowed we-uns jest naturally *had* to hev a school fer the young-uns.

There's been some complain about the discipline yere at the school and I come to investigate the hull thing. As near as I kin make out one of yer scholars, Snub-nosed Ryan, him over thar, was playin' preacher yisterday and bapsousin' Amaritty Quack-enbush and Little Runt Doolittle down in the creek. And then Tim Reagan stuck his foots right into my gran' chile's dinner, and they ain't clean neither. I know them Reaganses. But I ain't holdin' it agin you, teacher. I reckon you're doin' what you kin, and I ain't got no complaint.

Why don't you make that gal Maggie Foster set down? She ain't got no more manners than a blue-buck nigger. Maggie Foster, you go and do what the teacher telled yer to do, er I'll jest naturally churn the very daylights out'n yer sassy hide whin yer gits home. You jest plum pervert the hull caboodle so's the teacher jest can't do a thing with 'em. Ain't you 'shamed? And you goin' on fifteen, too.

Teacher, you see that thar little tow-headed tike back thar by the winder? That's Jabe Henrix's boy, Junior. I bespeak you to be kinder easy on him, teacher, 'cause his maw's down dead and his paw's tooken to the state penitentiary fer moonshinin'. He

sleeps at our house and jest kinder lives 'round on the mountain. He ain't only six and yit he kin drink his gourd o' likker jest as big as ary man. We-uns all think a heap o' little Junior Henrix. Why only yestaday I war walkin' down the path huntin' chink-ipins, with nary a shoe ner a stockin' to my foot, when I almost stepped plum on the head of a rattler all coiled to strike. Why, it skeered me like anything, *me* who's used to pickin' up them snaikes by the tail and twirlin' 'em till their heads fall off. I reckon I'd 'a' got stung right powerful, ef it hadn't 'a' been fer that little tow-headed tike.

He had a nigger-shooter, and, I vum, ef he didn't kill that there varmint plum dead, jest as it was about to strike me. I was jest so naturally grateful to little Junior Henrix that I taken him up in my arms, and cried over him, and patted him on the head. And all the time he was wrigglin' like a snake and cussin' worse'n his dad. Then I taken him home and fried a apple-popover fer him and gi'n him a sugar cookie. By dawggies, he's a smart little runt, teacher, so I bespeak you to gi'n him a chance along with the rest.

He told me you-uns war teachin' him to read the Bible. That's good work, teacher. Them thar Henrixes warn't much on larnin', and I don't reckon they ever *see* a Bible in their hands, and now hyar's li'l' Junior Henrix a-larnin' to read it. I shouldn't wonder if you-uns didn't make a preacher out'n Junior. He's a real smart li'l' tike, he is, al-

though of course he *do* chaw tobaccer and cusses some.

Phroney Burton, how come you to holler out thataway in school? Ain't you had no raisin'? Oh, Malachi Quirk was pullin' yer hair, hay? Ain't that jest like one of them there Quirks? Malachi, you let Phroney's hair alone and set down and keep still, 'fore I jump over thar and wear you out to a frazzle. Hyah me? There never was a Quirk borned in these hyar mountains who could let the gals alone. That's how come his paw and maw to git married. Come-over Quirk was his paw; a little, wee runt of a feller, 'bout knee-high to a bull-frog—and his maw was Big Margot Updike, who stood six foot one in her stockings, ef she ever had any.

Come-over Quirk was sparkin' Big Margot in them days and it was the laughin' stock of the hull mountain to see that little runt a-steppin' around with her. Finally he got so down-spereted he done told Margot he warn't goin' to marry her, 'less'n he could grow up and be as tall as she was. He jest naturally couldn't stand ever'body laffin' fit to kill at 'em. Big Margot was powerfully disappointed at first, 'cause she really liked Come-over Quirk right tender. She didn't say much, but she listened till he got plum clean through with his argument. When he'd finished and war jest about to leave the house, he found hisself lookin' down into the business end of Old Man Updike's shot-gun, which Big Margot was a-pokin' up under his nose.

"Did I understand you to say that thar wasn't goin' to be no weddin' 'twixt me and you, on account a me bein' the bigger?" said Margot.

"Them 'ere fellers is allers laffin' at us, ever' time we's seen together, Margot," says Come-over, kinder trimbly around the gills.

"Let 'em laff," says Margot, "we-uns ain't got no time to listen to them 'ere hill-billies nohow. How come you want to break off this yere match, Come-over Quirk? Ain' you carin' for me no more?"

Come-over, when he seen there weren't no immediate danger, begun to stubborn up a bit.

"I ain' sayin' I ain' carin' fer you," says he, "but there jest naturally ain't goin' to be no weddin' and that's all."

"Oh, ain't there," says Big Margot, "ain't there? Now you listen to me, Come-over Quirk, and mark well my words. I reckon there *is* goin' to be a weddin', and that right now, 'twixt me and you and before sundown at that. There's goin' to be a weddin', I reckon, less'n you prefers a funeral? Now, I ain' influencin' you, Come-over, I ain' arguin', ner nothin', I'm jest naturally statin' fac's. Which do you prefer, a weddin' or a funeral?" And she give the end of the gun a little push.

That decided Come-over right thar. "Why, I'm goin' to have a weddin', honey! I favors a weddin' myself."

And that's how come you to be hyar, Malachi Quirk, a-settin' in school and pullin' the hair off'n

Phroney Burton's haid. Now, you set down and ac' peaceful, er, by dawggies, I'll tame you, just like Big Margot Updike tamed your paw twenty year ago.

Well, teacher, I reckon we-uns can't stay no longer, but I want to tell you, and I tell you true, that you got a good school and the discipline is purt' nigh perfect. You got my sympathy. Some day when you ain't nawthin' better to do, you jest straddle your mule and pass the time o' day with me. And, you-uns, harken to me, be good boys and gals and obey your teacher. Kase if you don't it's as likely as not you-all'll grow up into no-count hill-billies who don't know enough iddication to take grist to the mill. Evenin', scholars! Evenin', teacher, evenin'!

(*Exits.*)

RAG BABY

A MONOLOGUE FOR A LITTLE GIRL

(The speaker impersonates an old rag doll. Wear a long ragged dress and a ragged apron and a large patched sunbonnet. The arms and hands are covered with gray stockings, the face with gray cambric, leaving the nose, eyes and mouth visible. These features are painted with black and red grease paint to look like a rag doll.)

PIANO MUSIC: "Coming Through the Rye."

(The speaker skips in, dances impishly around the stage, spreading skirts, curtseying, kicking, etc., in time to the music, which is played rather fast at first. Then she comes to the front and sings while the music is played in song tempo.)

Everybody rub your glasses,
Take a look at me;
I'm the happiest little dolly
You did ever see.
'Course I'm just a plain rag baby,
But I'm feeling gay,
'Cause my little lady Mary
Loves me best to-day.

(The music ceases and the doll recites.)

Yesterday was Christmas,
I was feeling blue,
Sulked around and cried a bit,
Heart just broke in two.

'Twas all the fault of Santa—
What you think he did?
Brought my little lady
A French doll made of kid.

When you touched her tummy
She would say mamma!
When you took your hand away
She would squeak papa!

She was made in Paris,
Name was Angeline;
And she was the sweetest doll
I have ever seen.

Oh, my heart was broken
Early Christmas morn;
Little Mary hugged her tight!
My, I felt forlorn.

And the other toys
All made fun of me;
For I'd been her favorite
Up to then, you see.

Dio, the clown, laughed awful,
 Teddy Bear said "Woo!
 Now the old rag baby
 Won't know what to do!"

Little Mary played with her,
 Nearly all the day,
 And I cried so awful hard (*Weeps.*)
 I washed my nose away.

I knew I wasn't pretty,
 And couldn't talk a word,
 But I thought Mary loved me best,
 Of course, it was absurd!

My dress is old and ragged,
 My nose half washed away,
 My head is just a stocking,
 Not white or pink, just gray!

It was an awful Christmas,
 I never felt so blue;
 She never even looked at me
 At all, the whole day through.

At last the day was ended,
 I wished that I was dead;
 The nurse came in, put out the lights,
 'Twas time to go to bed.

Then little lady Mary
Began to look around
And saw me lying all alone
Just heart-broke on the ground.

She picked me up and loved me,
And pressed me to her heart,
And said, " You are my dearest child,
From you I'll never part !

" Of course the French doll's pretty,
Her manner's sweet and mild ;
But she is just a visitor,
And you are mamma's child !

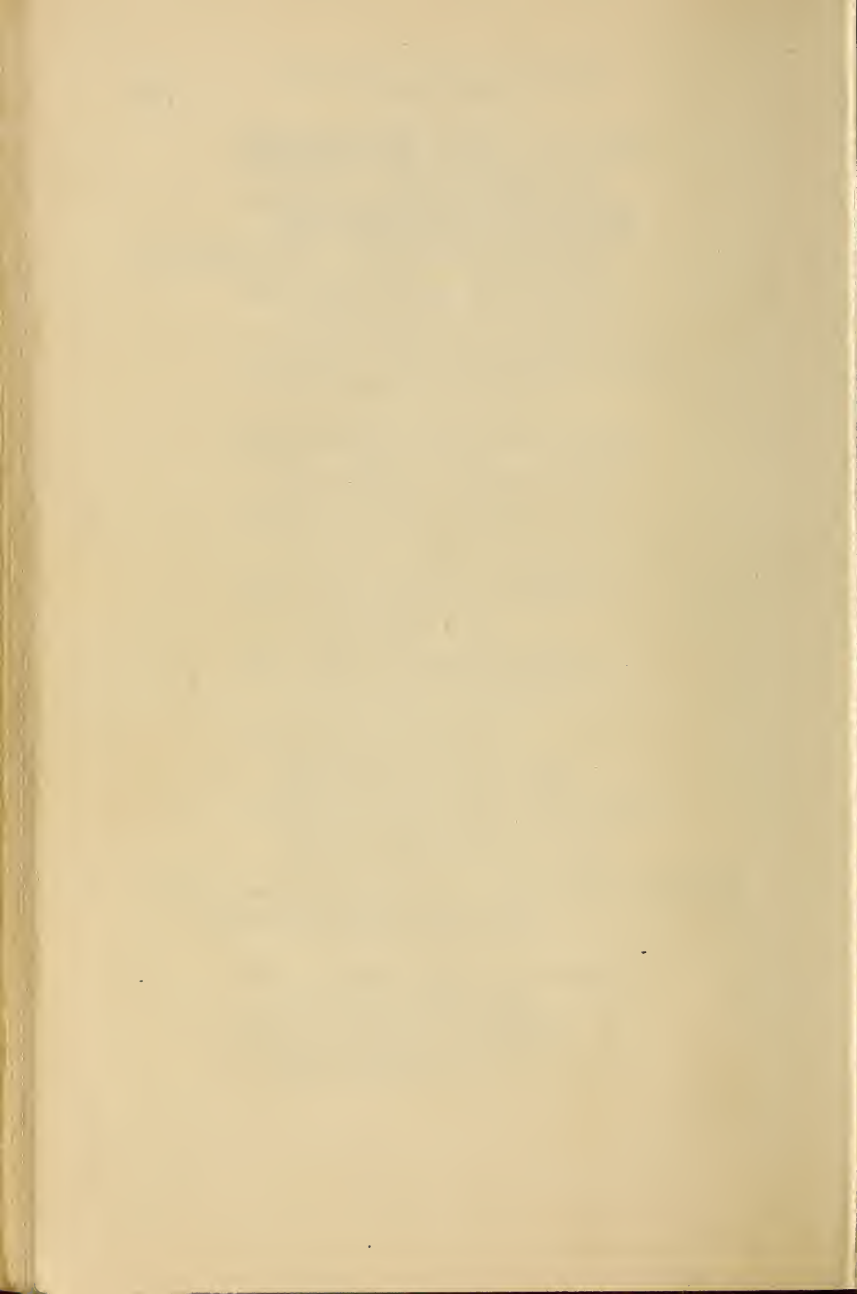
" Old Santa Claus has brought her,
A pretty satin toy,
But you're my ownest family ! "
I nearly burst with joy.

Then little lady Mary,
Snuggled me close in bed,
And kissed me 'bout a million times
On feet and hands and head.

*(Skip around, curtsey, etc., music plays " Coming
Through the Rye," she sings.)*

Now I'm off to find Miss Mary,
Dancing round in glee,
I'm the happiest little dolly
You did ever see.

Though I'm but a plain rag baby,
 Still I want to say,
 Some one loves me best of all,
 That is all, good day! (*She skips out.*)



DOWN WITH THE MEN!

(MISS SAMANTHY SNAPDRAGON is a platform orator with a mission, to warn her fellow-women of the deceit and general villainy of man. She wears a large hat trimmed with real apples, grapes and bananas, an old-fashioned dress, many badges, corkscrew curls, eye-glasses, black lace mitts, large reticule, etc. Her face is made up wrinkled with grease paint and nose made long and pointed with nose-putty, or use the false nose of a false-face, but do not have it too grotesque. She stands before a small table on which is a pitcher of water and a drinking-glass. She wields a large umbrella with much vim.)

Sisters and fellow-sufferers! (*Pauses and looks around.*) This is a great and solemn occasion. We are here to see what measures we can take to remedy a great evil, to rid ourselves of that arch-enemy of our sex, Man! We have suffered slights and injury at his hands, and now we propose to take our revenge. Down with the tyrant! (*Whacks umbrella on table.*) The world shall see that we are not to be trampled in the dust like slaves. It was a man who said that woman was a rag, a bone and a hank of hair! A man said that! I cast the allegation in his teeth and defy the alligator! If a woman is a

rag, a bone and a hank of hair, then what is man? Why a jag, a drone and a tank of air, and hot air at that!

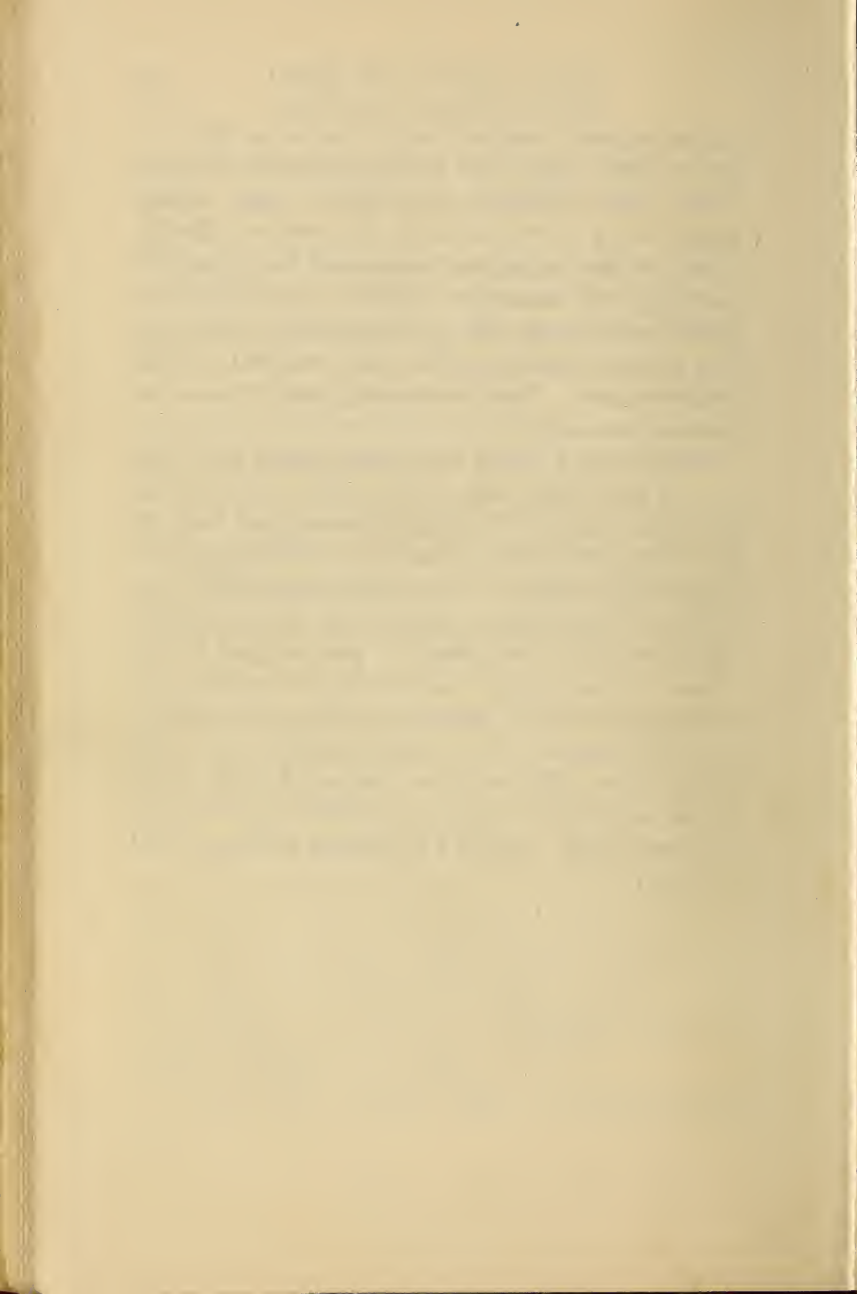
Not one of them knows enough to appreciate a woman of good common sense, who'd make 'em a good wife, but they take up with every little chicken that crosses the road. Why, just this morning as I was walking up Main Street I met — (*insert the name of a prominent local bachelor*). And when his eye lit on me he deliberately turned and went into a cigar store. Later I saw him talking with — (*insert the name of a popular belle*). The idea of leavin' me fer her! Humph, when he ketches me a-speakin' to him again, he'll know it. Sisters, will we continue to put up with such treatment? Shall we or shall we not? I pause fer a reply. (*Takes grapes from hat and eats them, glaring around.*)

We should all band together and refuse to receive any and all attentions from any of the male sect. They should be made to feel the sting of our scorn and the depth of our contempt. So far as lies in our power we must crush to the earth and annihilate *man*, and though he go down on his bended knee, we shall not swerve one iota from our resolution. They think women are weak, clinging vines that they can twist around their little fingers. Well, I'll let 'em know that Samanthy Snapdragon ain't no weak, clinging vine, and I cannot be twisted around no finger, no matter how loving.

I have just returned from a Correspondence

School where I smashed every window in the concern. Why? Because I hated their motto. It was, "We Teach Through the Mails"—now, mebbe they'll teach a little through the *females*. In the future on election day the women will be at the polls sweeping the country, and the men will be at home sweeping the floors! Sisters, unite, and drive this common enemy back to the trenches! Down with the men! (*Takes a drink of water and eats a banana from hat.*)

Once when I was a weak and trusting little girl, two or three years ago, a man took me home from the picture-show. He called frequent and told me that I was the loveliest of my sex. He actually borrowed fifty dollars of me to pay his board-bill. Sisters, only one thing saved me from the clutches of that wretch, he was about to propose and I was about to consent, but I was saved by a miracle. Just a little more and I would have been an unhappy married woman for life. Only one thing prevented it, he never asked me! So that is why I've taken to the platform to warn you, my sisters, of this brute in human form. Again I say, down with the Men! (*Exits.*)



JIMMIE AND THE BRAND-NEW BABY

MONOLOGUE FOR A LITTLE BOY

(NOTE: *If desired, the wording of this monologue may be changed slightly and it may be called "Jennie and the Brand-new Baby" and be given by a little girl.*)

Say, do any of you folks want a baby? (*Pauses.*) It's brand new, and has got a nose and mouth and legs and kin holler and everything. Well, I got one to give away or to sell. I *would* trade her fer a puppy and throw in her clothes as a bargain. They're good clothes, too, but if I gave her away what use would they be to me? I couldn't wear 'em, and I wouldn't if I could.

They told me I had a nice little baby sister to play with, and then when I tried to play with her and gave her the shoe-polish to make her look funny in the face, they spanked me in the front entry. Pa always blames everything on me. *She* was the one they should have spanked, 'cause it was all her fault. 'Cause she let out a holler like a wild Injun, and I wasn't doin' a thing only feeding her shoe-polish.

They put her catnip tea in *my* silver cup and I've got to have my bread and milk in a plain old bowl. I spilled it all over me, but they didn't help me at

all. All they can think about is *her*! And she looks jest like I did when I had the measles. Little and red and squirmy and got winkles all over her face. And she ain't got a toof in her head! And right on the top of her head is a soft spot. Ma says she takes that after Pa, but I dunno.

I dunno where she come from, and I don't care; all I know is that she's *there* and I want to git rid of her right away. Ma said the angels visited us and left her. I asked Pa if the angels was goin' to visit us every night and he said "No!" awful quick and nearly died a-laffin'. As soon as I heard she was here I hurried home, 'cause pa blames me fer everything.

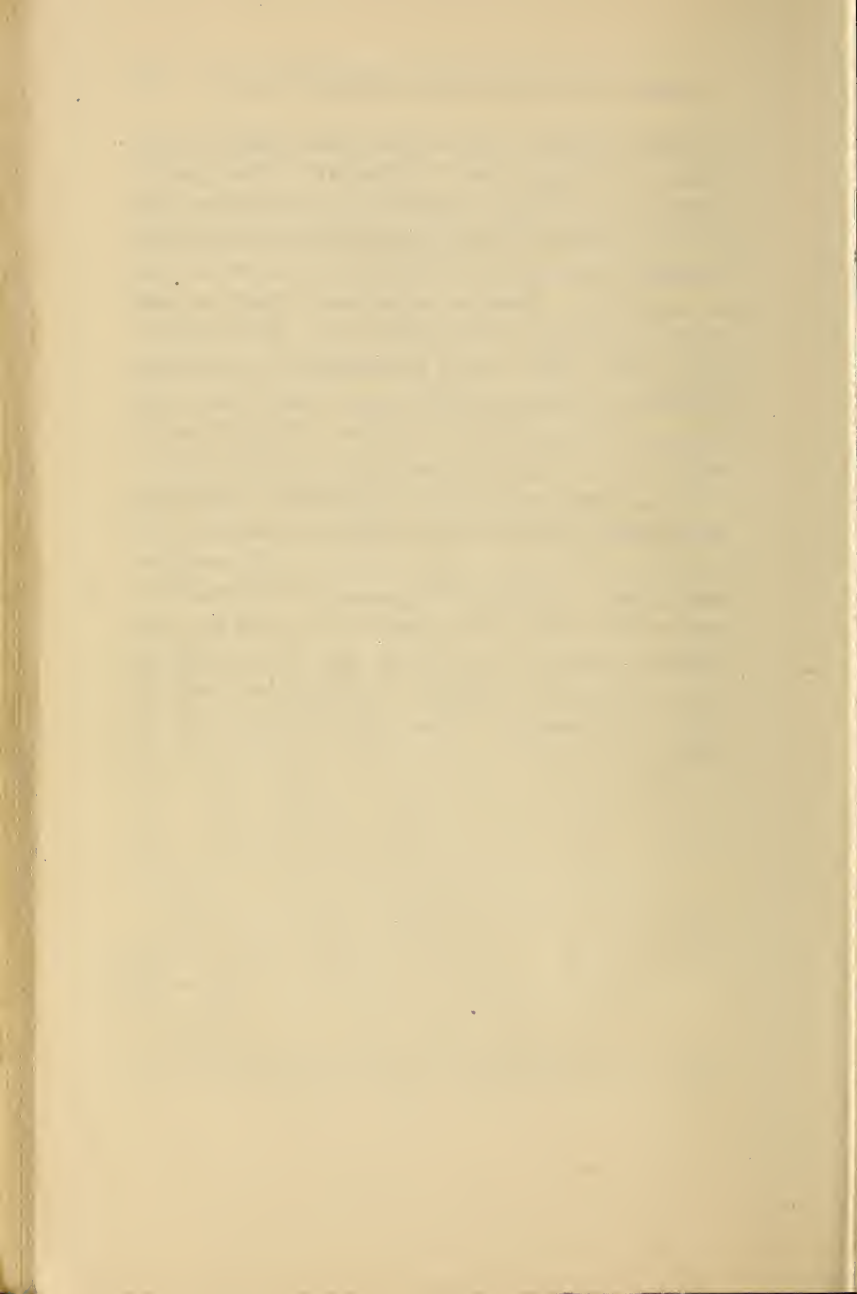
Nurse said she came from Heaven. Mebbe she did, I dunno. But if she did, I don't blame the angels at all fer throwin' her out and sickin' her on us. And she can't talk er nothin'. Jest yells. That's all she kin do, yell and eat. She keeps her mouth open all the time. Pa says that's 'cause she's a little lady, but I dunno. She don't look like nothin' to me. I give her my tin-cup to play with and first thing you know she had it in her mouth. And pa blamed me. And I was jest tryin' to amuse her.

And they're goin' to give her my cradle that came straight from Heaven with *me*. I don't see why the angels didn't give her one, too, if she had to have one.

(*Point to some one in the audience.*) You can have her if you want her. Jest gimme 'leven cents

and I'll bring her over to your house right away. (*Pauses.*) Want her? (*Pauses.*) You don't? Well, you needn't git mad about it. Every one pets her and seems to love her so much that I thought everybody 'ud want her. (*Points to some one else in the audience.*) Do you want her? She's a real good baby, and almost perfectly new. I'll trade her to you fer a nickel. Well, if nobody don't want her I'll sell her at the second-hand store. And then I suppose pa will blame that on me, too. Say, it's awful tough havin' a brand-new baby in the house, ain't it?

If you know anybody who'll gimme a nickel fer her you jest tell me who it is. I'd even trade her fer a stick of chewin' gum. Say, don't any of you folks want a baby? All right, I'll go over to the preacher's house and see if he won't take her. Aunt Lucy says whenever you've got anything you want to git rid of to send it to the heathen, and I'll let 'em send the baby to the heathen. Then pa will blame that on me, too.



SPRINGTIME

A MONOLOGUE INTRODUCING A CHORUS AND ÆSTHETIC DANCING

CHARACTERS

SPRINGTIME (*the reader, dressed in a Grecian gown of flimsy green, hair hanging in curls. Wreath of spring flowers on head and garlands of spring flowers draped around the costume. Barefoot, with or without Grecian sandals. Long green gauze scarf.*)

SPRING FLOWERS (*tiny boys and girls dressed in paper costumes and representing Violets, Daffodils, Spring Beauties, Hyacinths, Snowballs, Tulips, Johnny-jump-ups, Maybuds, Daisies, Crocuses, etc. About twenty-four, if possible.*)

SUMMER FLOWERS (*larger girls dressed to represent Lilies, Roses, Pansies, Tiger Lilies, Chrysanthemums, Tulips, Gentians, Carnations, etc. Each carries a gauze scarf about four feet long. Use about twelve girls for the summer flowers.*)

SCENE.—*A forest glade. Background and sides of natural boughs nailed onto a concealed frame. A rocky fountain or spring may be arranged with natural rocks and ferns, the water coming from a concealed hose attached to a faucet. Bright calcium lights, or headlights, with colored paper screens, add to the effect.*

A tree stump or imitation rock is in the center of the stage at front. MUSIC: Mendelssohn's Spring Song. The curtain rises slowly, disclosing the glade. The Spring Flowers are grouped around the stage hidden under umbrellas that are covered with green paper, raffia or leaves.

(SPRINGTIME dances in from rear waving her scarf aloft. She dances in time to the music. Poses at rear c. Dances to front, twirls and salutes the audience by kneeling, smiling and extending her arms to front. Dances to L., poses. Dances to R. and twirls. Then to c., where she addresses the audience while the music plays softly and bird whistles are heard behind the scenes.)

SPRINGTIME:

I come, I come, the Spring is here,
I hear the thrush's whistle,
The finch upon the thistle;
Sing, robin, sing,
'Tis Spring, Spring! (*Bird whistling ceases.*)

The warm winds from the south come dancing down,
To bring the Spring to hillside, wood and town.

Sing, robin, loudly sing, my dear,
For Spring is here.

Cheep, cheep, tr-r-r-rilll! Quip, quip, qrrrip!

(*Imitate robin.*)

Answer, bluebird, answer! Lit, lit, leu, leu, leu!

Oe, oe, oe, up, up, up!

Pipe loud, pipe clear,
For Spring is here!

Here in the glade I see the green,
On yonder hill the brown;
But where are the blue and golden flowers,
The jewels in Springtime's crown?

Crocus, Crocus, come, my dear!
Go tell the world the Spring is here!

*(From the center umbrella the heads of four of
the littlest girls of all peek from its sides.)*

Ah, there you are, the Crocuses awake;
Ye are the first of all my flowery train,

(Removes umbrella.)

Arise, bestir thyselfs, there's work to do,
Away and deck the meadow, hill and plain.

*(Removes another umbrella showing daffodils
yawning and stretching.)*

Come, daffodils, put on your gaudiest yellows!
Where are the Johnny-jump-ups, brave little fel-
lows?

*(The Johnny-jump-ups jump up throwing off
their umbrella.)*

Come, wake the Spring Beauties and the Hyacinth
band,
You lead the timid ones forth by the hand!

(All the spring flowers awaken and come forward sleepily.)

Violet, Dandelion, awake, my dear!
You've work to do, the Spring is here!

(The music changes from "Spring Song" to "Comin' Through the Rye." The Spring Flowers take partners and form a pretty group and dance as they sing.)

Johnny-jump-up met a jonquil,
Sweet as anything,
Johnny-jump-up kissed the jonquil,
Saying it was spring.
Hyacinth and daffodilly,
Violet so shy,
Let us dance and sing together,
Comin' through the rye.

Dandelion is dressed in yellow,
Hyacinth in blue,
Tulip is a gaudy fellow
Clad in crimson hue.
Sweet Spring Beauties dance together,
While the robins sing,
Warm the wind and warm the weather,
Now you know it's spring!

(They dance out at sides. SPRINGTIME, who has been dancing alone at rear, now comes down to front. She recites to "Santa Lucia" music played softly.)

The birds are singing sweetly and the sun
Rises aloft, higher each day, to cheer the earth,
The little rills burst from their icy bonds
And swell the rivers, buds break on the trees ;
The little winds make music in my ears,
The little streams gurgle with limpid joy,
And all the earth's attuned to some new strain
That breathes the resurrection of the Spring.

Hark to the cooing of the dove, coo-ee, coo-ee,
And now the robin answers from his tree,
Tr-r-r-rill! Tr-r-r-r-ill! lu-ree, lu-ree!

Jonquil and Crocus all have gone away,
Sweet harbingers of Spring, this is their day!
But yonder in the grotto sleep the blooms
Of later Spring and Summer, as in tombs.
Pipe, bluebirds, sound your flute and fife,
Waken the sleepers, wake them into life.

The robins' silver fluting,

The sparrow's gay disputing!

Chee, chee! hear the bluebird sing —

Awaken, sleepy Poppy, 'tis the Spring!

Come, Tiger Lily, Daisy, Pansy, Rose,

Thy mother calls, put on thy summer clothes!

(SPRINGTIME moves to L. front. The Summer
Flowers dance in and pose at rear, their scarfs
held aloft. They sing to the tune of "Santa
Lucia.")

Springtime, we hear thy voice,
From slumbers calling,
Gaily we will obey,
Blossoms are falling.
Come tread a dance with me,
Over the hilltops free,
Down by the river,
Dance on forever.

Soft breezes play for us,
Humming so lightly,
Now down to mother earth
We flutter brightly.
Dance over wood and hill,
Faster and faster still,
Dancing and twirling,
Gay blossoms whirling.

All through the winter sleep,
Now sleep is ending,
Merrily dance and sing,
Bowing and bending,
Dance over hill and dale,
Dance till the moon grows pale,
Leaping and swaying,
Flower games a-playing!

(First Verse:—On first four lines pose in groups of three. Center girl kneels, her scarf over her shoulders, and she holds the ends of the scarfs of the other two. These girls hold the other ends of their scarfs with arms uplifted, form-

ing a V. On the last four lines of the first verse pose in couples. Take partners right hand and dance forward and back to partner in time to music.)

(Second Verse:—First four lines pose in couples. One girl kneels and her partner dances around her in small ring, arms moving with scarfs in time to music. Each couple does this. Last four lines, all waltz slowly with partners.)

(Third Verse:—Pose in groups of eight, forming as for a quadrille. For first four lines all dance “grand right and left,” and for last four lines all waltz forming pretty tableaux with scarfs.)

(NOTE: This dance may be elaborated or changed to suit the fancy of the director. SPRINGTIME dances alone at rear. Then she comes down and sits on stump or rock at c. Music changes to “Flower Song” as she recites.)

Methinks the air grows chill!
The birds have ceased their song,
My little buds I sent too soon,
I hope they meet no wrong.
The sun has gone to sleep,
The north wind's in the air,
Will Jack Frost banish Spring?
No, I will do and dare!

(Four of the tiniest Spring Flowers enter from sides shivering with cold and crying. They kneel before SPRINGTIME, who comforts them.)

Alas, alas, my beauties, 'twas too soon,
I sent you forth too soon! Be comforted,
There, there, my dears, now dry your eyes,
For soon the sun will light the skies.
I know you're cold, yes, shivering with cold,
'Twas Jack Frost's work, a cruel lad and bold!
He caught you all and held you fast?

(They nod.)

Alas, I thought all danger past—
He kissed you with his icy lips,
And chilled and frightened you?
Shine out, shine out, dear Father Sol,
There's work for you to do!

(The other Spring Flowers come in, shivering and weeping; they surround SPRINGTIME.)

Come, Rose and Lily, take them to the hill,
Nature shall dye you bright again, my dear;
And mend your tattered clothes and cheer you up,
We'll show Jack Frost that Spring again is here!

(Rose and Lily lead some of the Spring Flowers out at rear.)

Take Violet and have her frock new-dipped,
With sweet perfume,
And mend again her tattered robe
At Lilac's loom.
Daisy, take Jonquil to thy little house,
Deck her with gold;
Spring Beauties, go with Pansy, then return
Safe to the fold.

*(Lilac and Pansy lead the others out at rear.
Bird notes heard outside from whistle.)*

Now see, again the sun begins to shine,
And south winds blow,
Jack Frost is slinking from the earth again
Till next year's snow.
The bluebird chirps on the cherry tree's limb,
The saucy robin answers him,
And from a million feathered throats
Arise a million merry notes ;
The music comes from glade and hill and dell,
Now dance, my flowers, be gay, for all is well !
Ripple, ye streams ! Bid all the bluebirds sing !
For all the world is gay, it is the Spring !

*(Bright music, flowers all dance on, form tableau
and unite in posture dance for finale.)*

1840

Received of the Hon. the Secy. of the Navy
the sum of \$1000.00 for the purchase of
the ship "Albatross" for the service of the
U. S. Navy.

Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of
January 1840.

John C. Calhoun

Secy. of the Navy

1841

Received of the Hon. the Secy. of the Navy
the sum of \$1000.00 for the purchase of
the ship "Albatross" for the service of the
U. S. Navy.

Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of
January 1841.

John C. Calhoun

Secy. of the Navy

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MR. SETH PECKSNIFF, <i>architect.</i>	LEWSOME.
MR. ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT.	MR. NADGETT.
MR. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, <i>his son.</i>	MR. MODDLE.
OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.	TWO POLICE OFFICERS.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, <i>his grandson.</i>	MARY GRAHAM.
TOM PINCH.	MERCY PECKSNIFF.
MR. MONTAGUE TIGG.	CHARITY PECKSNIFF.
OLD CHUFFEY.	SARAH GAMP.
BAILEY.	BETSY PRIG, <i>a friend of Sarah's</i>
MR. MOULD.	JANE, <i>Pecksniff's servant.</i>
	MAID.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Parlor at Mr. Pecksniff's. Wiltshire.

ACT II.—Room in house of Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit. London

ACT III.—*Scene 1:* Garden at Mr. Pecksniff's.

Scene 2: Room in an Inn at Holborn.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1:* Apartment at Montague Tigg's. London.

Scene 2: At Anthony Chuzzlewit's—same as Act II.

ACT V.—The same as previous scene.

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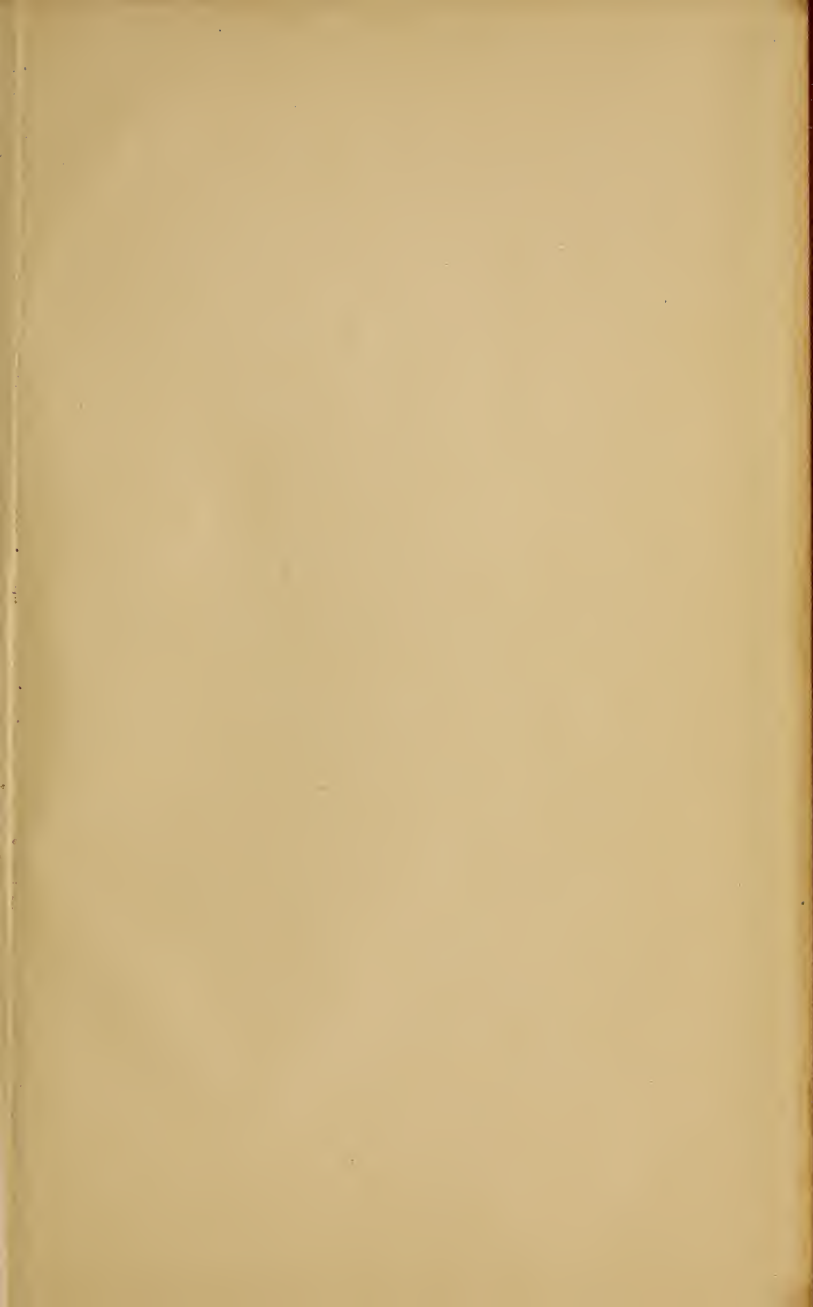
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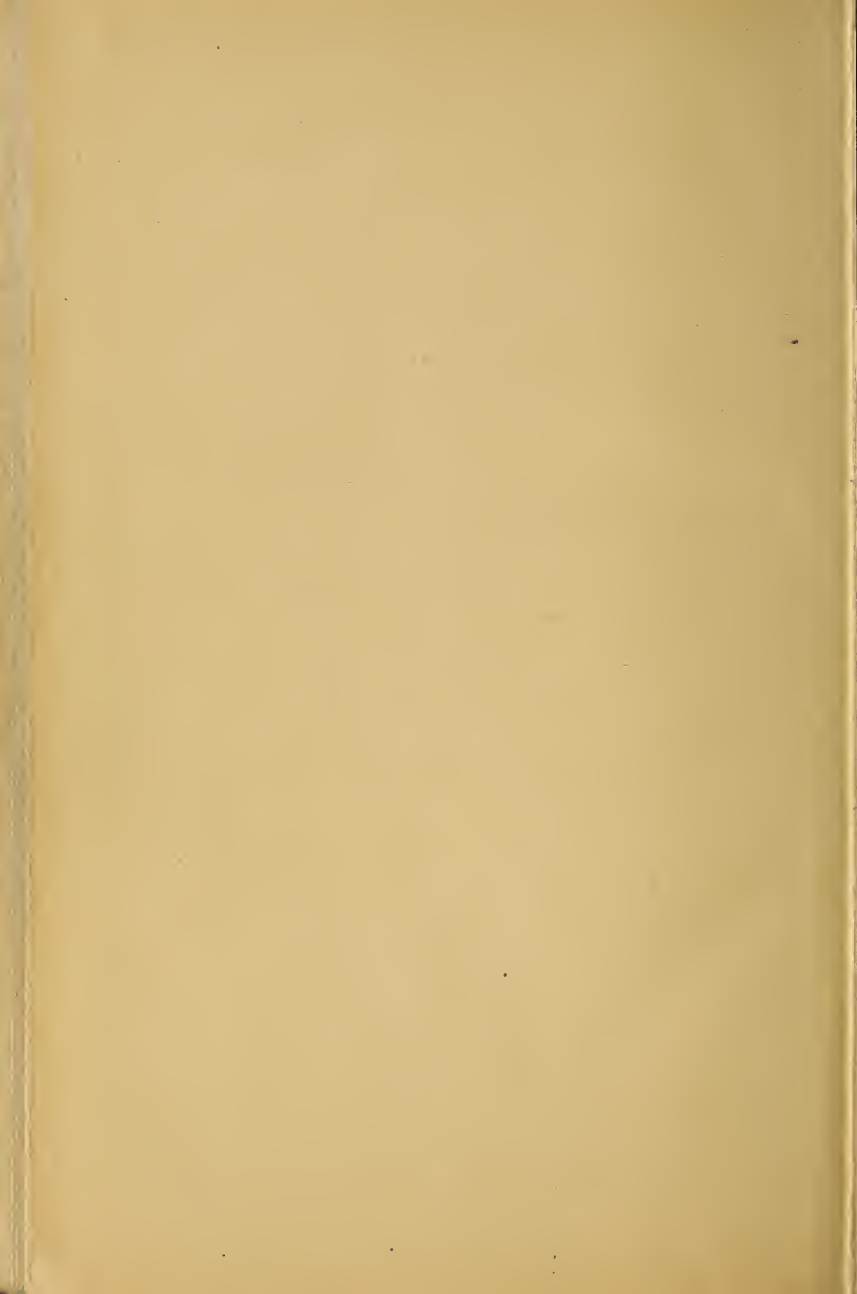
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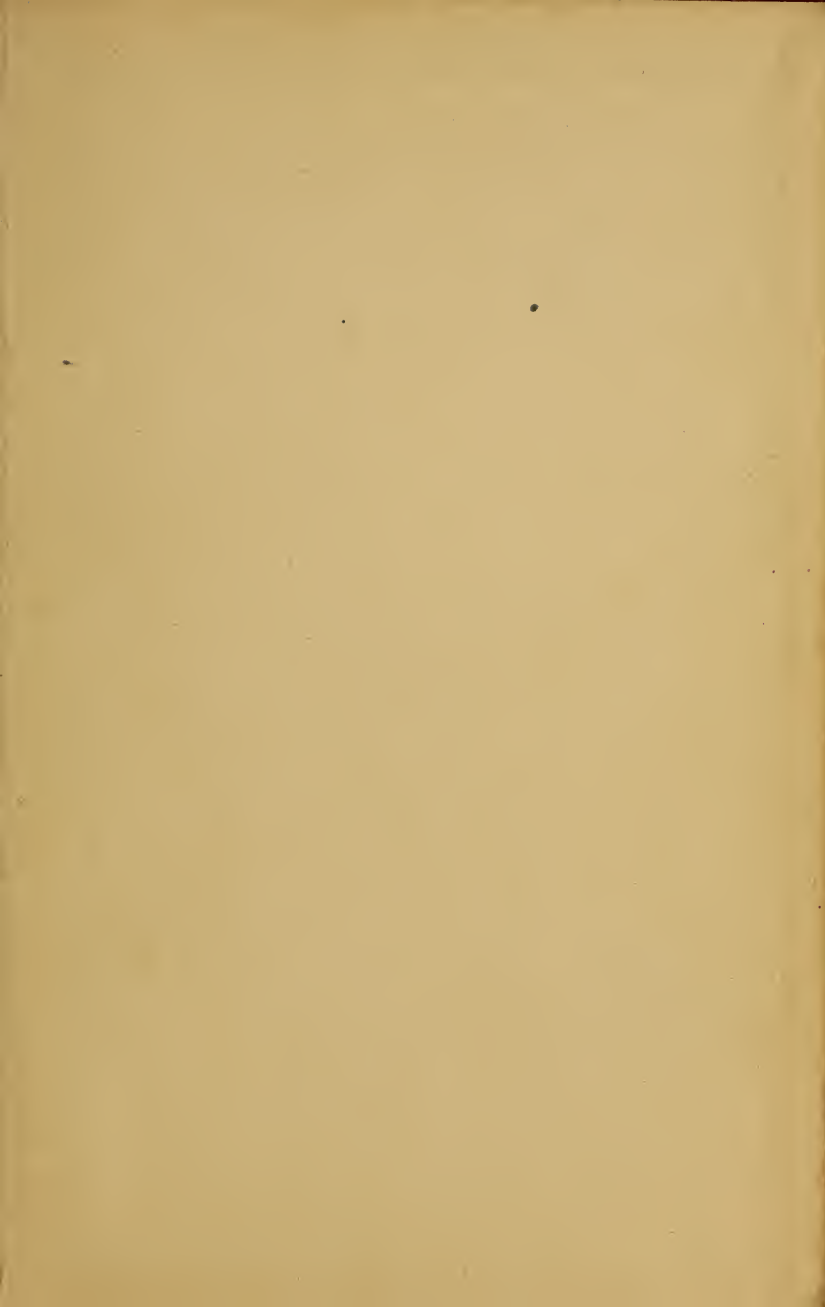
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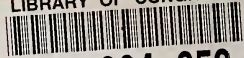
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